TRUTH WILL OUT

AN EMERGENCE FROM CHAOS AND SUBTERFUGE INTO LIGHT AND REALITY

BY

Seymour Supercern

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PART I: SCIENTIFIC-PHILOSOPHIC
PART II: HUMAN NATURE
PART III: ECONOMIC
PART IV: INTROSPECTIONS

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
835 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PS 3537
.U74T8
1912

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$1.00
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No 1

PART I

SCIENTIFIC-PHILOSOPHIC

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PART I

SCIENTIFIC-PHILOSOPHIC

Man! that appellation waking up the dormant mind,
To contemplate a being, known and namèd humankind,
Endowed with powers of conception, penetrative thought,
The acme of creation, and the mortal that hath sought
T' initiate himself in knowledge, wisdom, Sphinx's lore,
His never-tiring faculties forever trying to soar
Forth from the shroud of ignorance, into the realms of Light;
With wondrous ingenuity in Effort, Brain, and Might.
Who wide hath ope'd the Door of Science, where a galaxy
Of marvels lay concealed, replete with new discovery,
His nomen nowaday enriched with flattering synonyms,
His prowess subjugating all that runs or flies or swims;
Whose accents, like a Stentor's, ring and travel through the Land,
With Aptitude to brandish sword, to conquer and command;
And has begirt the Earth with tempered parallel bands of steel,
Bebridling, crushing Centaurs, Griffins, with his iron heel,
And like a spinning spider spun a network, far and wide,
Of wires o'er frigid, sultry lands, where Furies Lurk and hide;
Explored the awesome desert, where fell sandstorms whirl and moan,
Whose dauntlessness and bravery have pierced the polar zone;
And rendered Earth prolific of its every modicum,
Of metals, minerals, and ores; a rich telluric sum;
Trying to subdue the air befitted for the birds,
Essaying the unknown to fathom with a play of words;
Whose skillful ambidextrous craft hath tried the earth to shape,
According to fantastic whims; and tried this sphere to drape

With artificial handicraft, distorting Nature's smile,
Supplanting for what is natural his dry outlandish style!

Yet insignificant is Man, a tiny ephemeral mote,
His presence 'pon the Earth a bubble 'pon the Sea afloat,
A tiny wind-blown molecule, an atom on this sphere,
A grain of earth possessed of life, and which he holds most dear.
Compared with earth in form, he is a teeny grain of sand,
Entirely lost to view—a grass-shoot 'pon a prairie land.
And if the Human race were swept from off this sphere entire,
Swept out, stamped out of existence by a 'whelming flood or fire,
'T would not affect this whirling ball in any form or way,
The world would still turn 'bout the sun, we'd have our night and day,
The Sun would rise far in the East and set far in the West,
The day bring thoughts of ceaseless toil, the night bring peace and rest.

Would'st thou this fact but realize, this statement would thou feel
To be, alas, how true and bitter, making thy senses reel,
And swim and swirl as in a swound, over the reality,
Speechless, overwhelmèd with the tart discovery?
Then place thyself upon the Ocean, turbulent and deep,
Where mountain waves in turmoil clash, and froth, and plunge, and leap,
When blackest night enwraps the sky, the atramental sea,
When Horror, Fear, and Awe, lurk in the black obscurity,
When foaming hungry waves essay thy frail bark to devour,
As when a chilling North-east wind swoops down upon a flower,
Uplifted, heaved high in the air, then to the Bottom hurled,
Into their black abysmal depths, on to destruction whirled,
When shrieks the fiendish furious gale and peals of Thunder crash,
When all is Chaos, Horror, Fright and streaks of lightning flash;
Then would'st thou feel Man's helplessness, and insignificance,
His frailty, weakness, tininess—that Life's a short-lived trance!
And were the Human race entire upon that foaming Sea,
Tossed and hurled and thrown and whirled, like chaff, unpiteously,
O'erwhelmed, deluged, devoured and swallowed, by that seething wave,
Submerged for aye, the Strong and Weak, the cowards and the brave;
The ocean-wrath would quiet down, become serene and calm,
The sky clear off, the cyclone cease, caressed by the gales of balm,
The sun would kiss its placid face, be dimpled by the wind,
As if naught had occurred, as if the loss of all Mankind,

Were but a trivial incident, discarded and forgot,
No vestige of the dire event to indicate the spot.

Or place thyself within a forest, tenebrous and lone,
Where not a sound disturbs the awful stillness, save the moan,
Of swaying, sighing branches, or the rustling of the leaves,
As stealthily a breeze glides through with weird and plaintive heaves,
Where all is dark and solemn, save where glimpses of the sky,
Bespeak the glorious grandeur of Omnipotence on high,
Immaculate and stainless, where a host of brilliants gleam
In twinkling silence 'pon the earth—and glides a crystal stream
Reflecting all the depth and beauty of that glorious Dome,
Deep gloom enwrapping woodlands where wild denizens prowl and roam,
And creep 'bout unmolested in the weird obscurity.
There, there amid the sacredness of hushed tranquillity;
(As when an inundation floods a level verdued land),
Would'st thou thy soul feel overwhelmed, and barely understand
The Vastness of Infinity! and feel how small a space
Thy tiny being occupies—that life's a fleeting race!

The thread that binds us down to life is slender, fine and frail,
And can as easily be snapped asunder, as the gale
Plays havoc with the April flowers, strewing them 'pon the ground.
Or, as autumnal leaves are wafted down without a sound.
The crinitory thread of Life is finer than we think,
Mere weak silk-strong tenacity—it is the flimsy link
That binds Man to existence, yea, to life so fraught with care,
Mere fluttering pulsations of a heart, that cannot bear
Too much of strain of taxing work, exertion overdone,
Pulsating feebly in the breast until its race is run.

Precarious as life may be, there still are numerous ways,
Whereby the human race, and life, in every form and phase,
Can be destroyed, annihilated, into Oblivion hurled,
Obliterated, blotted out, along with this wee world.
For stars are ever falling from the fathomless boundless sky,
By day as well as night, from out that jewelled dome on high.
And who can tell the hour precise when swift a shooting star,
Of vast enormous magnitude may strike us as we are?
May swift descend with lightning speed, demolish earth entire,
And break it into tiny fragments, setting it afire,
Or hurl it with a terrible crash into ethereal space,
Until its swift inertia's checked, retarded in its race,

By some vast bulky constellation, meeting with a shock
Of fearful force; demolished like a ship upon a rock!

Has e'er a mortal realized the danger imminent,
Environing the earth itself, which nothing can prevent?
That were its motion orbital to cease from coursing round,
T'would plunge into the fiery sun, like a meteor to the ground,
Were Universal Gravitation influenced by the sun,
To cease its vast magnetic power, like a bullet from a gun,
T'would shoot, pursuing its inertia, into the realms of space,
Becoming heated, till consumèd, in its headlong race.
And think'st thou these are all the perils circumventing earth?
Nay, there are more to show how much Man's vanity is worth.
The sun may loose its fiery warmth, its vast and molten heat,
And render earth too cold a realm for the living to compete.
Mayhap the sun's intensive heat may rise, aye and augment,
And render earth too hot for life, to a terrible extent.
Who knows but that it may subvert, and turn completely o'er,
And then another Glacial Age, as in the days of yore,
Or that the Ocean's saturation may not percolate,
And cool its hot interior, and harm and enervate!
Aye, many are the perils that face this sublunary sphere,
This speck, this atom in the Cosmos, distant yet so near!

Nor are these all the dangers that entour this whirling ball,
Inevitable as a sun-spot that will finally befall;
For Geologic Time will swallow, like a cormorant,
All things terrigenous—land, rock, soil, cliff, mountain, tree,
and plant.
Arroding rivers, streams and rapids, wearing their banks away,
Eroding, gnawing, nibbling as the ploughing mole astray,
Conveying the alluvium, débris, and worn off soil,
Down to the yawning ocean's depths, a slow, perpetual toil.
The avid sea as't breaks in foam upon the sloping beach,
Is swallowing the arenacious soil within its reach;
Is gaining 'pon the land, progressing as a ray of heat,
Encroaching slow, as liquid saturates the sugar-sweet;
Aye, continents may be submerged from a subterrestrial cause,
From a settling of the under strata, due to physical laws.
And vanish as the lost Atlantis, once a continent,
Now said to be the Ocean's bed; 'mongst Grecians prevalent.

Yet boast do men, and throw the gauntlet down to very Hell,
And turn aside with mock dubiety what proofs do tell,
And care not a fig if ruin stares them in the very face,
Impending like a hanging crag that must plunge to its base;
Believing what Copernicus tried bravely to refute,
That Earth's the center of the Cosmos, ah, a hoax so cute,
So made-to-order, so contrived, that it smacks of Humankind
Who stick their heads i' the sand and leave reality behind.

Reality, relentless as the lightning that will strike,
Where'er it lists—considerate to everything alike.
Reality, that sweet-toned intonation of a bell,
A silvery, luscious chiming bell, that 'pon the breeze doth swell!

A thousand altars, idols, systems, mankind may upbuild,
His conscience to appease with erring thoughts and tenets filled,
His sins to hide, his practices to covert and conceal,
His pangs of conscience to allay by making falsehood real.
Yet Truth is Truth, as 't was, and is, and shall be e'en for aye,
And to this Truth, to God, there leads one straight and onward way!
Mock not at th' idolater nor at idolatry,
With wondering ejaculation at such absurdity,
For men are mere idolaters themselves, down to the core,
Setting up images, building altars, all this planet o'er.
He worships at the shrine of his own building, and kneels down,
Before the idol of his making; laugh not at the clown
Who pantomizes at the circus to a felten hat,
Now reaching for't, now kicking it, now lunging and falling flat.
T' appease their guilty consciences, and set their fears at rest,
Preposterous images they erect, and entertained as guest.
Farcical and ludicrous to suit their fancy's whim,
Then fall adown and worship with full vigor, verve, and vim.
Ah, but pebbles are not rubies, glass-beads are not gems,
Despite the obstinate "make-believes," and coughings and "ahems!"

Philosophers may prate and babble quick-sand theories,
And draw foundationless conclusions, thinking they've found the keys
That open up the doors to Truth, to the Beyond, to Death,
But nay, it is beyond their power, beyond a being of breath
To tear the impervious wall asunder, smash the Iron Rock,
Or budge the vast and ponderous door, or force the intricate lock.
Building, rearing cardboard castles, in their fell desire,
To reach the heavens, as those of Babel, growing, but never nigh'r!

The Atheist may blaspheme, and croak his thoughts material,
And try this wondrous Universe to call mechanical,
The Evolutionist may grope and dig in mundaneity,
And forth his sublunary delvings from his quandary.
The Theist may put pious faith, implicitly and real,
In God and find stamped over all His signet and his seal.
The Fatalist may overthrow with sinful blasphemy
May contradict, and sully, nay, deny God's sovereignty,
The Transcendentalist may catch faint glimpses of the light
Assume a nobler attitude, and think from a loftier height.

The Pantheist may, wrapt, behold in Nature, Cosmos, Laws,
A Universal Being, the Result the End, the Cause.
The Platonist may proudly feel the Almighty immanent,
And in the boundless Universe His presence redolent,
The Deist may with deictic true belief be deep imbued,
Accept the Savior's teachings, stamp the Revelation crude.
The Polytheist may find refuge in Plurality
And contradict his inward own convictions woefully.
The Idealist may stoutly claim there's naught material,
And argue found construe 'pon mere ideas fantastical,
The Hedonist may revel and exult with sensual zest,
His Selfhood vitiating, e'er for pleasures mere in quest;
Yet Truth transcends them all for it is far beyond their ken,
Far, far away as ever, far beyond the powers of men,
To grasp the Nature of its being, its infinitude,
It recks not how sagacious, how with learning deep imbrued.
Implacable is God, and so He ever shall remain,
His vast Infiniture cannot be grasped by human brain!

Though Science delve and fustigate, and ascertain new facts,
And scrutinize with avid mien the things that it exacts,
It is as far away from Truth, as when it first began,
For there are things that must remain e'er peregrin to Man.
The facts of Science all in all are merely physical,
Confined to earth, to means mundane, to paths material.
Psychology may usher in new facts anent the mind;
And demonstrate new psychic forces lying close behind,
Yet this, perhaps though nearer to the Truth, is still inapt,
To seek or find or know the Truth, how seemingly adapt;
Whate'er the human brain can grasp, with power to dissect,
Explain, examine, know, and 'neath close scrutiny subject,
Is limited to planet Earth, within this sphere of life,
And cannot superscend this life, where dissidence is rife!

The Cosmos works, and moves and acts, according to its laws,
Working, rolling, moving, acting, never known to pause.
The properties of Matter are distinct, and all their own,
Inhering in the wood, the air, the metal, liquid, stone.

Gravitation, Magnetism, Force and Energy,
Cohesion, Motion, Friction, Hardness, Capillarity,
Are laws of matter, all their own, inherent as is heat,
Manifested through the Cosmos, an eternal feat.
Demonstrated constantly wherever there's a cause,
Mechanical, self-acting, plainly mere material laws.
Do not ascribe to Gravitation force entirely new,
As though 't were something recondite, impervious hitherto,
For through th' ethereal medium in action 'tis the free
And great result and grand effect of Electricity.

Celestial Gravitation is an action brought about,
By th' attraction which Matter has 'pon Matter within, aye, and without,
And this attraction's brought about by electric molecules,
Which fill all space, all matter, and all Cosmos, powerful tools!
Imbruing, saturating, penetrating through and through,
Which, substance, air, and infinite space, doth permeate and imbrue.
These molecules being of a like subsistence, draw and act,
With magnetising property; the greater masses attract
The smaller masses; for, in due proportion they are filled
With more electric molecules, and hence empowered, instilled,
T' exert a greater force or Magnetism, which is naught
But Electricity with which the Universe is fraught.
And hence, thou queryest, "why doth not Earth fall int' the Sun,
As plainly other planets, spheres whirling in space have done?"
Because Inertia, taking on Centrifugality,
Withstands th' enormous pulling-power, through motion outwardly.
But fear not, queryist, the sun will claim its tiny prey,
If't be not robbed by some celestial Ogre joining the fray.
The fray, indeed, it is a struggle, bitter to the end,
A deadly feud, fatidical,—what is the resultant trend?
Ha, obvious, kind sir, the earth will be the vanquished prey,
The conquered, splitten victim, which no power can withstay!

Terrestrial Gravitation is an action brought about,
By the self-same molecules imbruing earth, within and without,
As well as things upon the earth, endued with attracting-force,
Matter attracting Matter, as Earth wends its skyey course.
But why, thou queryest, "since the Earth has Centrifugality,
A phase of axial motion, should not things be hurled forth, free?"
Because, kind sir, the attracting-force of earth 'pon objects, things,
Upon its surface, is too strong for objects to take wings.
The higher from the earth you go, the less th' attractive force,
But thou canst not escape—'tis vaster in size and electric source.
"But should the earth," thou queryest, "arrest all motion would
The objects 'pon the earth still cling to this planet, if they could?"
Nay, kind sir, the things 'pon the earth would fall toward the sun,
For the sun is vaster than the earth; its loyalty is done.
And with a similar speed down to that molten mass t'would plunge,
Keeping apace with speeding earth, and with its every lunge.

The cause of Orbital motion is Inertia, or the trend
To shoot off into space, withstood by gravitational send,
Or attracting-power of the sun which counteracts its force,

Exerting magnetic power as it wends its onward course.
The revolutionary motion is caused by the whirling round
Of earth while in its orbit, like a whirling top, unwound.

If Orbital motion be, then the revolving must ensue,
For a planet cannot twirl around a Centrix, sans giving lieu
To revolutionary motion, the result of orbital,
The one the cause of th' other; motion, merely mechanical.

There's no such thing as a vacuum, for space is filled throughout
With electric corpuscles, effluvia, 'round and all about.
The air in space may be exhausted, sapped out with a pump,
So's penny and feather will strike earth with sharp synchronic thump.
But *that* very air-free space is filled, soaked and imbrued,
With Electricity in corpuscular shape, through space endued.
The luminiferous ether, permeating all through space,
The molecules of which are in an ever-constant race,
Is a material property, a matter, as is stone,
Possessing though, atomic structure, peculiarly its own.

Inorganic matter has no Mind; 'tis not contained or found
In inorganic things—a rock is rock upon the ground,
Inert and senseless, and composed of packed ingredients,
Reducible unto its primal state, its presequence,
Of molecules, atoms, corpuscles, agglomerated mass;
Contained in wood, stone, water, aught that's in the palpable class.
Organic matter begins to evolutionize in Mind
Which grows and grows, augments, augments, until matter doth find
It counterbalanced by mind, which evolutionizes, grows,
Greater and greater, till Matter is transcended—still it flows,
Augments with gradual augmentation, till it domineers
Mere matter—as whipped, grovelling curs pay homage to their peers.

The reason for Matter's hardness, solidness, rigidity,
Is its molecules' compactness, close inherency;
Cohesion is the result of this compactness, and not due
To motion; for mere matter is inert, prone through and through.

To be possessed of brain, means not to be possessed of Mind
For brain is matter, Mind is substance of another kind.

Things in themselves are real, outside the scope of touch; aye, real,
Real in themselves, solid, material, and not ideal.
A rock is a rock, and not because Man sees it, or to Touch
Is sensible and felt, because the fingers feel and clutch,
But because it is a real and solid ingredient,

A substance of a material world, of thickness and extent.
A substance of an external world is matter, solid, real,
Conglomerated molecules, and not so-called 'Ideal.'
It boots not whether Man exist—'tis there, and is the same,
A real cold solid substance, and mere "matter" is its name;
Outside the scope of Touch, and its empiric properties,
Existent, real and not ideal, mere materialities.
Realistic, not Ideatic, real to the very core,
Branded, stigmatized, and stamped the very Cosmos o'er.

The Survival of the Fittest is an axiom of the world,
It is an open evidence, revealèd and unfurled,
A law of Nature relative to plants and beasts and men,
Inexorable and unbending, known to human ken.
Try not t'encompass and avoid it by a round detour,
Things born 'pon earth must suffer, struggle, tremble and endure.
The April flowers all abloom, regaled with lovely hues,
Are killed and blasted by a blizzard, felled with many a bruise.
The pine that stands in pride atop the bleak and wind-swept hill,
Is rooted up and crashed adown to wallow in the rill.
The ant-mounds of the tropic climes, requiring months to build,
Are ruined, demolished in an instant, crushed and overspilled.
The honey-hive, mellifluous of months of patient toil,
Is robbed and ruined by master Bruin, when out in quest of spoil.
The rising flood that drives the beaver from his skillful home,
Inundates his rude abode with water, mud and loam.
The graceful deer that sleeps upon the soft and mossy ground,
Is swallowed living by the snake that glides without a sound.
The flock of sheep that huddle close for safety as they crop,
Are pounced upon by wolf and lion, mangled as they drop.
The Tidal Wave that floods the highest mountain, sweeps 'way Man,
And overwhelms him, as a straw, and leaves him in the van;
The Cataclysm wreaks destruction, Hell upon the earth,
And smites mere men upon the inst, as much as sand-grains worth.
The earthquakes roar, the thunders smite, the wild volcanoes crash,
The cataclysms quake the earth, the seas in fury lash;
The lightning cleaves, the hail-stones fall, the asteroids swoop down,
The subterranean gases burst in prairie, vale and town.
The Sea approaches like a leopard, crouching, drawing near,
Gaining 'pon the mangled land—its fate is more than clear.
The lands are sinking undermined by inner contracting cause,
Subservient to chemical and slowly-cooling laws.
The Earth will overturn, as down the Arctic Glacier swoops,

And changed will be the latitude and longitudinal hoops,
The earth will plunge into the sun, perhaps sooner than surmised,
For at th' events of physical laws Man should not be surprised.

And thus the Survival of the Fittest is an evident law,
And Fauna and Flora are unto it as chaff and so much straw.
Yet Man, he has it in his power to reach up, up and gain,
A Something out of the scope of matter, which, if man attain,
He is possessed of that which is imperishable, aye,
A part of the Omniscient God, and Spirit is the way.

Each and every person is unto himself a world,
And must of his unique accord have meanings stand unfurled,
With th' aid of his own thinking brain and its concomitants,
Unravelling puzzles, answering questions, as he gapes askance,
At ten thousand-thousand wonders, and thrice more perplexities,
Wandering through mazes, opening portals with the keys
Of Thought, reflection, logic, understanding; all acquired
Through personal assiduity, self-reached and self-inspired.

Unique is each and every person, each uniquely "I,"
Estranged all to himself, compelled to answer and descry,
Ambiguous facts, and hazy objects, mists and quanderies,
Impressed by things observed, imbibed, by facts, anomalies,
Quotidian divers happenings;—uniquely each possessed
Of individuality; each influenced and impressed
"Egoly" and separately, selfly-empirical,
Distinct from one another, wholly egoistical.
Ego is a synonym of Self and nothing more
And Self another word for Ego, how thou wilt explore.
And Ego is that quaint uniqueness, characteristical,
Of each and every separate self; an individual,
In so far as he understands, perceives things, feels and thinks,
And comes to know and solve more sleek conundrums of a Sphinx.

Ego is the outcome and result of consciousness,
Empirically brought about by such things that impress,
The brain; by all external objects, sealed indelibly
Upon the Mind that cogitates in due conformity;
Arousing apperception, wonder, interest in things,
Which rivet attentiveness, evoking inner conjecturings.
The encasement of a body that feels pain, hunger, and cold,
Is the manifestation of Ego, in an earthy mould.
For Ego is that which pays heed to wants and bodily ills,
The That, which knows "'tis I" enduring hunger, pangs, and chills.
And hence a dog, a mouse, and all that displays intelligence,
Have egoes, selfs, if sensible unto external sense.

Confuse it not with Mind, for mind is that which thinks, conceives,
Whilst Ego is a state of being aware of that which cleaves
Uniquely to existent creatures of intelligence,
Augmenting with evolution, being an inner prevalence.

The Nervous system is mere matter rendered sensory,
Susceptible to outer pain, of such intensity,
As variant as the strength of mind; not as mere muscle strength,
For mind if given freedom will triumphant be at length.
And while it hath to do with brain 't hath naught to do with Mind.
For Mind transcends mere body, 'tis a truth that thou wilt find,
Has grown into an axiom, if tested with full power,
Triumphant as the sun appearing aft an April shower.
What wilt thou call the Stoicism of the ancient Greeks
Who suffered murmurless and mute, for days and even weeks,
What wilt thou call the fortitude of those who knelt and prayed,
Forthwith were placed upon the rack, or slaughtered with the blade.
What wilt thou call the meekness of those Christians as they knelt,
With clasped hands (ah, piteous the cruellest heart to melt),
In Rome's arena, as in rushed befamished beasts, that sprang,
Upon the helpless, praying victims, using claw and fang.
What wilt thou call the strength of those who burned were at the stake,
At murderous Nero's mandate, perishing for Christ's sweet sake,
What wilt thou call the courage of those dying crucified,
Upon the cross with meek humility, as Christ hath died.

Aye, what wilt thou call it, intervention of some Agency,
Or something in the human power yclept "mentality"?
Call it not an intervention, God is impersonal,
T'would be blaspheming Deity, with matter trivial,
But call it the ascendency of Mind o'er body, such
It is, oblivious to the rudest painfullest of touch.
The Stoicism brought about by mind-power supermount,
Imbibing strength and courage from a limpid Inner Fount!

Imagination is an action of the thinking brain,
A pictorial conflux following in an unremittent train,
A modus operandi of the meditating mind
That gives free rein and scope to images, sans girth or bind.

Sleep is that state of consciousness when rests the thinking brain,
With senses relegated to a somnolent domain,

When seeing, feeling, hearing, smelling, tasting are at rest,
A state of unconscious consciousness, oblivious, unimpressed.

Dreaming is th' Imagination working while in sleep,
Unconscious to surroundings, waking-images that keep
The brain upbuilding pictures on the canvas of the mind,
The basis being diurnal things attracting humankind.

Thy so-called spirit phenomena, thy mediums and what not,
Thy clairvoyants, thy Palladinos, rant and Tommy-rot,
Are mere material phenomena, construed by th' Ignorant,
And credulous host to suit themselves, prepared their beliefs t' implant,
Beclothing things with mystery, which are mere commonplace,
Occurrences of physical things—yet given a different face.
"Spirit-phenomena" is a gross misnomer; (if thou wilt
Yclep it mental phenomena, and joust and lunge and tilt.)
Thy trance, thy table-liftings, and thy cunning medium,
Thy telepathic powers, thy thaumaturgic buzz and hum,
Are merely mental phenomena, having a material base,
A physical basis, body, being the fulcrum and the brace.
For they are plainly mental acts on physiologic ground,
Yet, being new, will waken fancies, wonder, and astound.
They cannot be evinced, or manifest in any way,
Without th' accompaniment of body, physical display.
A dog, a cat, a hog, a rat, are just as susceptible,
To these phenomena as men, the base is physical.
Telepathy, and Hypnotism, Mesmerism, too,
Are merely earthly phenomena, material through and through,
Manifested in organic matter, and outside
The scope and realm of Higher things; its range is "matter-wide."
And Pussy curled up on the hearth, or Fido on the rug,
Can be acted 'pon, and put to sleep, as though o'erpowered with drug.

Events transpiring 'pon the earth where humans are concerned,
(What though they oft t'ascribe them to predestiny have yearned),
Transpire, occur, take place, through accident, through luck, through chance,
And not through preordainèdness, where mortals gaze askance
In efforts to descry an interventionary God,
An anthropomorphic deity brought down to earth's green sod.
Preordination is a hoax—a humanly-moulded hoax,
A subterfuge, an idol, tied like Tantallus to the spokes
That whirl around and 'round, whilst mortals strive to grasp a mist,
A Chimera that ne'er existed, and ne'er known t'exist.

Accidents occur through chance, brought on through circumstance,
Occasioned by fortuitous causes, brought about by chance,
And not through preordainèdness, not through predestiny,
Not through premeditation, or prewhimsicality.
Due to the force of circumstances, such as negligence
Of him to whom it has befallen; lack of confidence;
Or negligence of him or them through whose unwariness,
Slip-shodness, and unforesight, 't has occurred—how men address
Some chimeric nonentity, where written is the fate
Of each insipid incident, e'en tests of love and hate.
Bipeds and quadrupeds, inanimate objects such as stone,
Are subject 'like to chances, and to accidents are prone;
Sans intervention, sans the mediating chimera,
That mortals fain would work, like Jack-i'-the-Box automata.
Rendering occurrences predestined, prearranged,
Is pulling God down to wee earth; to common sense estranged,
Is desecrating Deity, absurd and blasphemous,
To suit the human whim; to ignorance analagous.
Where superstition sits upon a dais that raises men
To preference, importance—alas, no better than a wren!

The reason why sir So-and-so falls down and breaks his neck,
Is not due to prefatedness that renders him a wreck,
But to unforesight on his part, his gaping negligence,
Or th' unforesight on another's part; yclept mere accidents.
The reason why sir So-and-so slips on banana-peel,
Is due to his unwariness; the wrong place for his heel.
Had not the slippery skin been there his foot would not have slipped,
Had he been just so much more cautious he would not have tripped.
Had he looked 'pon the ground and not gaped straight before his nose,
The lubricant would have been side-stepped; lessening his throes.

Thus thousands upon thousands of diverse fatalities,
Calamities, catastrophes, and personal injuries,
Occur, not through preordination, or predestiny,
But through the force of circumstances and fortuity.

Th' equestrian is hurled head-foremost from his docile horse,
The inoffensive onlooker arrests the bullet's course,
The dory springs a leak, the avalanche comes thundering down,
The tidal-wave sweeps onward through the village, vale and town.
All through fortune, circumstance, the result of negligence,
Unwariness and unprecaution and through diffidence;

Or the result of physical cause, brought 'bout by th' element,
As rain, erosion, drought, or wind, which brings about th' event.

It is at times evinced, and demonstrated awingly,
That gloom, disaster follow in the wake of revelry,
That sadness follows gaiety, and melancholy, joy,
Foreboding, joviality, that peace of mind destroy,
This inner-feeling, physical, is due to the aft effects
Of dissipation, where the strength of body insurrects.
Just as aft a Perigee tide the ebb will still low'r be,
So acts moroseness after hours of joviality.

'Tis due to wearying the mental and the bodily powers,
Occasioned by a plunging in pell-mell (and that for hours).
Into a nest of revelry, where all of Satan's aides
Run hither, thither, catering to humans of all grades.
This suivancy of gloom aft' pleasure 's due to physical cause,
Which, wearying mentality, like the spreading out of claws,
Passes on to psychologic cause, where mind is thrown
Into a lethargy, that broods with gnawing silent moan.
The sated body, stultified, depraves mentality,
And leaves it morbid, wrapt as in a swound of apathy.
This morbidness and brooding have a psychologic effect
'Pon mental images, that seem a darkness to eject.
Lugubrious, and fraught with image sinister and weird,
Imbruing all the atmosphere as something to be feared.
And constant brooding passes on to foreboding of events,
Darkling premonitions that acquire an immanence.
All due to physical dissipation, spreading silently,
Till vanishing with rejuvenation of mentality.

Make hay while yet the sun doth shine, and strive with utmost zeal,
To rise from sordidness and to perceive that Truth is real,
Real as the sun that shines in heaven, giving warmth and light,
Real as the moon that kisses the rivers on a starlit night,
Real as the inner vision, that beholds an inner realm,
Real as the soul, that grows and grows as it holds and guides the helm!
Make hay while yet the sun doth shine, and gather in the sheaves,
Ere Phoebus shines no more, and Pluvia sprinkles o'er the leaves;
Ere fulminating thunder-bolts, and cold solstitial rain,
Destroy the crops and new-mown hay, and inundate the grain!

Man is the measure of the material world, with outstretched wings,
But the incipient glimmering of spiritual things,
Man is the acme of creation through the course of time,

But the inchoate and faintest gleam of the Spiritual Sublime,
Man's the highest stage of material evolution's course,
But the faintest faint awakening glow of the spiritual source.

Brain is the material medium, whereby Mind is acquired,
As the tympanum is the vehicle for sound, with nerves bewired.
Brain's the medium and place where Intellect, Spirit are,
Developing as Matter does, when rounding in't a star.
Material evolution is th' inevitable course,
That courses on to Mental evolution, on to Source.
Material evolution evolutionizes slow,
Into spiritual evolution, with e'er increasing glow.
For as organic things more perfect grow with course of Time,
Mind grows greater innerly, competing in the climb.
And when the organism e'en more perfect grows and grows,
Mind counterbalances matter, taking on intelligent glows,
Until when perfect is the organism as Man is,
"Mind transcends mere matter," and is now a tool of his.
For it depends upon himself to mould his intellect,
T' expand his scope, to rise in thought, to reason, learn, detect,
The fallacies and falsities, the truths and verities,
The whys and wherefors, and their reasons, with a sentient ease.
T' acquire unto himself a soul, a Something from that source
Toward which the Cosmos is evolutionizing in its course.

Would'st thou be armed with that which bids defiance to all
doubt,
And banishes uncertainty, as with a deafening shout?
Supplanting hesitation wavering with diffidence,
Th' impervious protection serving as a sleek defence?
Then cultivate self-confidence, and thou canst wend unarmed,
Amid a million labyrinths, unscathed, safe, and unharmed.
'Twill make thee feel as independent as a potentate
Though empty be thy pockets and with hunger t' aggravate.
And things that hitherto were stigmatized with Failure's seal,
Will change with pyrotechnic subtlety for thine own weal.
And, like a continent discovered by an adventurer,
Wilt thou discover something new; and, all questions that were
Whilom dubious, and uncertain, and unanswerable,
Will find an answer, with an exercise of mind and will;
The nervous sparrow skipping, hopping, bobbing here and there,
Hops safe and sound between the horses' hoofs, disposed to bear
Its chattering intrusion 'pon their scanty mid-day meal,
As it nimbly shares their oats (ah, pure philanthropy, most real!)
And even as the sparrow ventures sans temerity,
Amid the formidable array of hoofs, unconsciously,
Wilt thou wend safely through the maze of many perplexities,
Emerging scathless, but enriched with new discoveries.

If armed, and yet unarmed, with what is called "self-confidence,"
A beacon that will pierce Tartarean darkness, most intense.

Avaunt with thine anthropomorphic farce, down pulling God
to earth,
To suit thy whims, to serve thine interests, 'mid thy strepitant
mirth!
Thy pulling down of Deity is e'en as the Romans did,
When down they pulled mere stony statues, at the Dictator's
bid,
And amounts to just as much, and less, aye less, for thou hast
naught
But empty air, whilst they had broken plaster deftly wrought.
Thou canst not make God favor thee, but thou canst make thy-
self
Favorable to God, but sans intrigue, cunning, or pelf.
Thou canst not pull down God to earth, to suit thy human whim,
But thou must rise to God from earth, with inner mental vim.
Thine existence here determines thine existence hence,
And Life is serious, not a farce, a weighty consequence.
There is a kind, and woe is them who, void of God or soul
Engulfed are in material things, as earth engulfs a mole,
Who, much engrossed in worldliness, lack and desiderate,
The slightest ken of higher things, a soul grown obfuscate.
Beware lest Chemistry imbue thee with a false belief,
(It will be cast and shattered as a ship upon a reef)
That it explains the reasons that control this Universe,
As thy whimsy ways of better days controlled thy well-filled
purse.
Beware, lest it arouse in thee the gross credulity,
That it explains the Cosmos, for it is a fallacy.
What Chemistry elucidates, are material things;
To matter, and to matter only, bindingly it clings
What though in yonder fossil are tenfold constituents,
What though men know the cosmic and the primal elements,
Does this explain the hallowed soul, the spirit, no, thrice no,
As well might Man for Truth seek skywards, by digging with a
hoe;
What though man know an atom is part of a molecule,
And an ion or a corpuscle the invisible atom's tool,
Which, ten thousand miles an instant from their surface springs,
Being the basis of the material substancy of things,
That ions are the molecules of electricity,
That electricity besaturates all substancy;
Does this explain the awful Infinite name implied in God,
The nimbus-circled Spirit, barely reached 'pon earth's green sod?
Does this explain the evolution of the growing mind,
That sacred something far away which men could never find?
No, no, it does not e'en so much as give a teeny clue;
Aroint thee with hypotheses as vap'rous as the dew!

E'en anthropophagous savages, akin to roving beast,
Mere animals that lived in lecherous junketing and feast,
Have bowed them down and worshipped some supernal agency,
Despite their glutted ignorance and ferine savagry.
For something in the human mind, distinguished from the brute,
Speaks to the Conscience, deep within, where't has a lifelong root.
And thus with wisdom, culture, Insight, Truth begins t' unfold,
And lo! unto the soul revealed it glistens, self-extolled!

By man alone is possessed the knowledge of the Absolute,
The acme and the end of things that materially evolute,
And being given to Man is understood by very few,
As emptily they prate 'pon nullities, with nothing new;
And being understood by Man, is known to even few'r,
Engrossed with fulsome peculations, many a Hadean lure,
And being known to few, is felt by even fewer still,
For very few indeed do climb that great and toilsome hill,
Upon which summit thing are gleaned with a different ken,
Than with that worldly fashion of mere pleasure-loving men!

Think not that Mankind ekes existence 'pon a smooth plateau,
Or elevated anywise, where cooler breezes blow,
For in a stream-swept valley, sunken by incessant rains,
Fashioned by his very hands, and bleached with horrid stains,
Does Man exist, supine, and indolent and satisfied,
Fat in purse and belly, here contented to reside.

To be a sinning Atheist is living life in death,
Nay, far, far worse is living death in life, sustained by breath,
Thou needst not curse or spurn him for he is forever cursed,
By his darkened mind, extinguished soul; ah! punishment, the worst,
That can befall a human being, for it means black Hell.
With Skepticism, Mockery, tolling the doleful knell;
The Bigot cannot see the light because of his ignorance,
The Atheist will not see the Light but will plunge in't a trance,
Of Cimmerian blackness, living there with Horror all around.
Sin, Mockery, Grime, and Images that flitter in a swound.
Dost thou presume to question God's existence, puny cur,
(For cur thou art, and nothing more, a pariah scavenger,
If thou wilt contradict Great God Who is, was, and shall be,
Th' Omniscient Source, the Omni-Spirit, to all Eternity!)
As well presume to question if thou hast a brain that thinks,
That moulds ideas, thoughts, conceptions, and its numerous links;
For thy very brain which is the medium where resides the Mind,
Thy thoughts ideas and conceptions, is that which doth bind,
Thee to the evolution of Mind, whose realization is God,

Yea thee, thou blaspheming mote, wee beast, thou puny piece of sod!
Bigotry has a lame excuse, namely ignorance,
Venial, 'cause it knew no better, and still has a chance,
T' emerge from out the detritus of slime and mud and clay
But Atheism not, it is a breaking of the stay,
Of one's own accord, sustaining the weight, and plunging down below,
Far down where yawns a horrid pit, and hungry waters flow.
Croak forth your bull-frog croakings, ye who grovel like the swine,
Ye naked, bare-limbed, slime-smeared hogs, croak forth your filth, and whine
Like crouching, cowering, bitch-curs, with their tails curled 'tween their legs,
For ye are nothing better, ye, who make flow forth the dregs
Of bilgey rank putridities, and vileness, o'er earth's sward,
Ye, who loll submerged in slime, and clutch a poisoned sword.
Ye, who are besaturated, soaked to your rotten cores,
With low materialities, ta'en up with your pussy sores
Croak forth your bull-frog croakings, twang your devilish rasping note,
That grates upon the inner Soul like Frenzy, grovel, gloat!
But oh, ye Sybaritic Satyrs, shut your dirty teeth,
Close tight your stinking mouths, that hiss like vipers on a heath!
And let your fellows dwell in peace, leave them to their rest!
Let them live in equanimity as they know best.
If ye are lolling in a rut, besmeared with mud and slime,
Pull not your fleckless neighbor in; it is a heinous crime.
If ye are plunged in Hadean fires, your life-long element,
Decoy not your spotless fellow in, it is malevolent.
Hands off, ye pariah-mongers, feast, make merry if ye will,
Upon the dung that fills your noisome rut, feast, eat your fill!
But invite not others to your queer repast; hence! let them be!
Entice, allure, decoy not others to your revelry!

Unhappy is the man, who, deep possessed of godly soul,
Who, seeing through lengthy shaded vistas the transcendent Goal,
Harkens to the vileness of these bull-frog blasphemers,
That wind in and out the feet, like trainèd circus terriers-curs!

And happy in the man, who, deep possessed of godly soul,
Who, seeing through lengthy shaded vistas the transcendent Goal,
Harkens not to the vileness of these serpent blasphemers,
Which wrends and rives the very soul, like needled chestnut-burrs;
But thinks, and breathes, and lives, as his wrapt spirit prompts and wills,
Where higher nobleness is that which soothes, calms, and instills!

Immune to bellied croaking that berack the world with din,
Tradicting, contradicting, railing with their tail-tied tin,
As o'er earth's sward they run and jostle with Bedlamic shout,
A horde of mongrels, vicious, snapping; hard to put to rout!

The lowest, next the Fatalist, is the materialist,
Preoccupied with things that merely physically exist,
Looking with craning necks askant, at matters merely terrene,
Striving from matter, earth and ether, facts and sense to glean;
As foolish and absurd, as crying, brain is merely breath,
And breath a nourisher of brain, that leaves the body at death.
Nay breath, the inhaled air, is that which physically supports
The life, the beating heart, the animation in all sorts
Of life, that are dependent 'pon the properties of air,
The finch, the perch, the walrus and the mortal, weasel, or hare.

Though things be proved and demonstrated o'er and o'er again,
And stable Truth be shown to be the truth, to thinking men,
Yet disagreement will be rampant, contrariety;
Contentions will be launched upon Dissatisfaction's sea.
And, contradiction, like a discord breaking on the ear,
Wilt intertrude its hateful presence, hoot, deny and jeer.
And why? because 'tis Human Nature letting up a howl,
Finding fault where there is no fault, and in a sulky growl.
Sticking its finger in the pie to render it immund!
In sheer malignancy, just after having scoffed and punned.
What is the motive, what the reason, what the galling cause,
That, though perfection be apparent, rakes forth groundless flaws?
'Tis Notoriety! the viperous Notoriety,
The pusillanimous attitude of being contrary,
The unmanly means whereby the blatant blasphemer finds fault,
With that which is as fleckless as a cloudless sapphire vault.
The venom which caluminates bright speckless veracity,
And censures pure perfection, with a running obloquy.
Yet as the drops of water glide from off the swan's white wings,
And as Sir Bruin devours the honey heedless of the stings,
And as the raindrops fall unheeded 'pon the rhino's hide,
And as the hailstones break and smash upon the mountain's side,
E'en so doth Notoriety affect that which is true,
Replete with pure sincerity and genuine through and through;
"For that which rises from the soul, imbued with the Sincere,
Will beam, in spite of obloquy, resplendently and clear!"

To believe in things because some others credence to them give,
Accepting like the lazy bullock any alternative,
And to believe in things through pure convictions of one's own,
Arising from a thinking process, wide, impartial, grown,
Are two entirely different things, as crystal is from slate,
As heterogeneous as a roebuck from the oyster's state.
The former rests upon a quagmire threatening to collapse,

The latter 'pon a firm foundation, clear of rents and gaps.
Aye, wouldst indeed feel independent, upright, firm and strong,
And tear asunder, free, escape the complicated thong
That binds thee as the Lilliputians bound the traveler,
That binds thee as was Vulcan bound by mighty Jupiter?
Then think out things for thine own self, think, use thy reasoning brain,
And learn to spurn false spurious things, and Bigotry disdain,
Or else thou'rt bound as a blue-shelled mussel bound to a sea-washed rock,
Entrapped as a squirrel pinioned 'neath a towering mountainous block.
Truth is Truth, no matter how Mankind dissimulate,
And beat about the bush in an attempt to venditate,
Like Aztec water-carriers, mere succedaneum,
Mere dross thatched up to represent a firm palladium!
For, Truth, it gleams inexorable and immaculate,
Despite the astute chicanery of men to desecrate
Its clean resplendent flawlessness with fraud and substitute,
'Tis self-inflicted fraudulence, self-foolery, to boot.
'Tis as a brilliant star, that gleams, and glints, from out the sky,
Whether Man observe its light or not, 'tis ever there on high,
Gleaming, glinting, and diffusing, pure celestial light,
Whether seen or known, or not, to that wee sublunary wight!

As heterodox as fossils of the Palazoic age
Are the opinions of Mankind, and each one throwing down the gage,
Of dissidence, and disagreement, be there a cause or no,
Combatting, imprecating, sneering, dealing blow for blow,
But falling with as much effect upon the glorious light,
As a birch-leaf tapping 'gainst a mountain kissing the skyey height.
A hurdy-gurdy droning in a disembowlèd pit,
Preferring to drone beneath the surface rather than submit
To what is Truth, immutable, as the features of the sky!
But slighting and soliciting a preresponsive 'why,'
Mere charlatans, impostors, sleek Cagliostros, brought to life,
Prepared to waken animose and spiteful causeless strife.
Notorious as the black-winged crows that raid the farmers' field,
That learn to disregard and slight the ungainly scare-crow shield;
As he, who, in a cave to test his voice's carrying power,
Amuses himself by yelling, screaming, yodling, by the hour,
For the sake of hark'ning to the echoes as they strike the walls,
Filling the air with th' uncanny shriekings of a thousand squalls.

Behold yon man entrapped in quicksand, sinking, sinking, slow,
With every effort to escape, still foundering ever low,
Until the cruel edacious sand has claimed th' unfortunate,

A fate along bluff coasts and rivers treacherous, often met;
And yet gaze there, another man is caught within its grip,
But he makes no effort, and he sinks no lower than his hip;
He shouts for help, a line is thrown, 'tis grasped with desperate hand,
And slowly he is dragged out, drawn and hauled 'pon solid land:
And so it is in Life, keen Error, being th' unstable sand,
And Man the' unfortunate, devoured, or hauled, 'pon stable land.
To speak yourself in't something which is all erroneous,
To which thy narrow ways of thinking are analogous,
Is to sink into the sand until thou art immersed,
A self-inflicted fate, for thou hast rendered thyself accursed;
But if thou wouldst not smother, choke and perish like a rat,
Or like a wee mosquito in a milk-full creamery vat,
Then harken to the truth of things, to him who speaks the truth,
Amid thine error avow thy wrong, and learn to list, forsooth!

Be not a bigot, 'tis the worst of sins that can befall,
Replenishing the horror with the bitterest of gall,
Groping as the ground-mole gropes with digging, poking snoot,
For thou'rt an ignoramus and a sinning cur to boot;
Be not a bigot, 'tis a state of living in a swound,
Where all is fear, perplexity, and hell at every bound,
Where all is sheer annihilation, and extinction, too,
Of aught ennobling, intellectual; without a clew,
A vestige or the merest mere of hints to radiant truth.
As long as thou wilt be the bigot, narrow, cramped, uncouth,
As long as thou persistest to remain the sinning imp,
Enwrapped with ceremenis while living, rendered lame and limp,
Breathing in an atmosphere, where poisonous is the air,
Brought about by Bigotry that dark and sickly glare;
So long wilt thou remain the sinning imp, the yelping cur,
That runs about with can attached to tail, all in a stir,
Until bedefeaned by the splittng din self-brought about,
It heeds naught else, nor men, nor dogs, nor cats, but runs a rout,
Until with time it looks upon the can as being a part
Of its own body, dragging it as a bullock drags his cart;
Thou art the yelping cur and ignorance the corded tail,
And Bigotry the bouncing can, leaving behind a trail;
Run on! yelp on! scout on! poor dog; thy can must bounce along,
Nor is't harmonious to attend to such a dinging dong;
Ah, if thou knewst, poor deafened dog, how ludicrous thou art,
What laughter thou'rt th' occasion of, perhaps thou wouldst take heart,
And turn thy head to ascertain, not what is bound behind,
But what th' enlightened multitude so queer and funny find.
And if thou wouldst give ear, to what is spoken and disclaimed,

By the host of the enlightened throng who aim as they have aimed,
T' implant within the bigot's mind those beauteous Christian traits,
Estranged to lowly vulpine ways and to religious hates,
Perhaps thou wouldst become aware that to thy corded tail,
There is attached a weighty poisonous can, and wouldst turn pale;
As thy fingers would traverse thy girth to light upon a knife
Wherewith to sever the gutty cord that sapped part of thy life.
Remember! oh poor bigotic sir, thou canst not cut the cord,
But slowly, patient, painfully, undo the knot, that gored,
And pressed into thy tender flesh; undo it till the can
And cord and all will drop off—"then thou mayst be called a man."

Ah, Bigotry! that curse, that stenchy pit 'tween man and man,
That poisonous bolus, ta'en into the system that grows wan,
And palsy-stricken, as it works into the chillèd blood,
And closes mind and soul to Truth, with layers of pitchy mud,
Ah Bigotry! that sin, that crime, that self-wrought grovelling state,
That Stygian situation weighted down by mountainous weight,
Of ignorance, corruption, superstition, filth and sin,
Is that which the impending obstacle has ever been
Toward universal civilization of the human race!
Toward the brotherhood of man—and still holds now a shameful place;
Put, put thy shoulders to the rock, and strain with might and main,
And send it crashing down the chasm, thither to remain!

Bigotry is the plain result of total Ignorance,
Self-stultifying, assinine, incapable of a glance
Into the Glorious Truth, or even to inhale a breath.
Living indeed a life that may be called a living death.
And Superstition being the result of ignorance as known,
Thus Superstition is the result of Bigotry, thou wilt own.
Hence Superstition and its fellow-traveler Ignorance,
Are the causes of Bigotry, the check to all advance.
They are synonymous, and travel hand in hand all three,
Namely Superstition, Ignorance, and abject Bigotry.
If thou art narrow in thy thoughts, bigotic in thy ways,
And wilt not list to Truth, nor e'en allow to lift the haze
That weighs upon thy bigot mind and obfuscates thy soul,
Like a fog at midnight when the air is black with gaseous coal,
Then will thy wings wax shorter, shorter like a tadpole's tail,
Then disappear (thou wilt not fly, for what do they avail)?
Then wilt thou be the Apteryx, whose wings have disappeared,
That trusts for safety but in flight, nor by a creature feared.

If thou art insincere, and too lethargic, too outspread,
Thy wings, and rise up, up, preferring boggy mire instead,
Making but feeble efforts to fly upward to the light,
Steeped in drowsy carus, ah! a voluntary plight!
Then will thy wings wax useless, flapping idly like a sail,
That hangs becalmed upon its mast-head, like a draggled tail.
Then wilt thou be th' ungainly duck whose wings are there for show,
Mere feathered dorsal appanages, flapping to and fro.
Oh, spread, spread, spread! thine invisible wings and fly as the eagle flies!
With cordial heart, with open mind, with eager, searching eyes!
Oh, rise up from the opiate ground as the condor takes to the air,
Up, up, from noctal lethargy, from ditch and stubbly tare,
Up, up, to what will make the day seem brighter than before,
The sun more grand, the heavens, the earth, far glorious evermore,
Until thyself will feel the subtle happiness to be
Possessed of what is called a "Soul," a something innerly!

An inveterate bigot will remain a bigot, though you stick
The truth beneath his very nose, with many a deft-shown trick.
E'en though you tear the earth asunder in the attempt to show,
E'en though the remaining world enlightened are; he will not know.
Stick it under his nose; he does not see it, he will say,
Tell him to inhale; he does not smell it; such is his way.
Denying that he sees the light or that he smells the scent,
With chaos for light, and stench in lieu of redolence, content.

There's only one remunerative way the bigot to treat,
And that is, not to bother with him, a simple easy feat;
Don't waste your breath in speech, don't parch your tongue explaining things,
Don't tire your lungs beseeching, for your arguings take wings.
A Hypocrite I disdain, aye, but a bigot I despise,
What can be done to the couchant mule, that kicks but will not rise?
'Tis best to let him lie there, till he rise of his own accord,
For thou canst not budge him, though thou tug with derrick; 'tis ignored.
Hypocrisy means Purgatory, Bigotry means Hell,
The one's enwraped in nightmare sleep; the other's in a spell.
Take in both hands the sweeping besom of enlightenment,
And sweep with all thy human strength, upon the task intent,
Away the dregs of Bigotry, that strew the outraged ground
Like ghastly litter reeking stench, here, there, and all around!
Yea, grasp the besom firmly and sweep, sweep, with might and main,

Away the curse of bigotry, the set-back and the stain
That has retarded, checked, withheld, fraternal bonds 'tween men,
Love, and kindliness, and friendship, even now, as then,
When Abdurkman bestrode his steed with fanatics at his heels,
When Clovis swept the dreary plain with loud and thund'rous peals,
When Paul of Tarsus preached what Christ had preached, with heavenly zest,
When Socrates harangued his listeners who round him pressed.
When Luther purged the Ritual, Erasmus lived and spoke,
When Napoleon forced the Continent beneath his bloody yoke,
When Lincoln doled out freedom and when Hastings ruled the East,
When Metterninck advised, when Colbert reaped a money-feast!

Yea, sweep until the ground is clear of every tiny speck
Of cursèd bigotry, nor leave a faint reminding fleck
To call to mind the hideous stuff, the tripping obstacle,
Preventing world-wide kindliness, sincere and lovable.
As to whether such will be the trend of consciencious men,
Is doubly plain, ostensible, and greater now than then;
For just as true as truth is truth, must light be seen by all,
Equipped with education, and who climb the bigot's wall.

Hypocrisy! mean, sneaking weasel, means self-detriment,
But Bigotry means self-annihilation, as 't has meant,
In times gone by when nations slaughtered, slew, like fiends run loose,
Harangued and tortured, murdered, butchered at the slightest ruse,
As 't has meant when ignorants, those would-be pious pests,
Fell down with faces in the bogs, callous to all behests,
To rise them up from foul and festering filth, where all is night,
Cimmerian as a Stygian realm; ah, pity 'pon the bigot's plight!
As it now means, as it has meant, still grovelling in the bog,
Till grown to it, like marshy mosses to a swamp-lain log.
Though mitigated nowaday if not eradicate,
It still holds sway 'mongst unenlightened and 'twill not abate,
Until the ignorants will be enlightened in such wise,
As to make them see through things alone, a self-wrought willful rise.
Religion is Philosophy and Metaphysics, too,
Preliminary in its dialectic, it is true,
Leading up to deeper reasoning on a broader scale,
That widens, spreads, conceives and gleans within Inception's Pale,
Abstruser, newer, broader, views of things in general,
Inquiring, dissident, agreeing and polemical,
Until the comprehension cries "Eureka!" and gives thanks;
As those of India kneel upon the noble Tiber's banks.

Religion is the staunch foundation of Philosophy
And its crowning point, how deep, how subtle, it may be;
Aye, 'tis its solid fulcrum upon which it firmly rests,
And its pinnacle that crowns it, with white radiant crests.
And why! because it is the road that broadens with the mind,
Leaving ignorance and bigotry and meanness far behind,
The road that points the way to Metaphysics and its realm,
Always, as the mariner, intrepid at the helm!

Avaunt with Mysticism, that groping ground-hog ploughing in dark!
Uncanny bleared morbidity, like an earthworm in a bark,
Groping 'bout blindfolded in a cavernous mist-filled cave,
Where chimeras and monsters dwell, where ogres and goblins rave;
Where all is tense obscurity, the bigots' habitual home,
Worthy not of modernity, but of Paganic Rome,
When omens, signs, conveyed a meaning to the ignorant mind,
With cackling geese and roaring lions, with dogs that growled and whined.
Mysticism is synonymous with Bigotry,
With Superstition and with downright sheer barbarity.
Worthy of the bigot, senseless to the Light, forsooth,
Worthy of the superstitious wight, estranged to Truth,
Worthy of the savage, who falls prostrate on the ground,
Before his fetich, as he draws conclusions from his swound,
Worthy of the Druid, pagan bigot, where are nil
Philosophy and Science, and the truths that move and thrill.
Digne of the Mohammed, who falls prone towards Mecca's mosque,
Digne of Afric's Bushman, land of jungle, bush, and bosk,
With rites and ceremonies where reigns superstition, crowned,
Digne of the Redskin, with his whoops and happy-hunting ground!

But not worthy of the enlightened, of the Philosopher,
Of the Scientist, of the Psychologist, of the Enlightener,
Not worthy of the Thinker, of the Seer, Reformer, Knower,
Not worthy of the Prophet, of the Teacher—infinities low'r.

Mysticism is Bigotism, superstition, to boot,
Flanked with the phalanx Ignorance, all trailing in dust and soot.
It is estranged to Science, 'tis estranged to Philosophy,
Estranged to God, estranged to Truth, estranged to Reality,
But festers in a bog, where open science is rendered nil,
Philosophy a maundering chimera, a haze-wrapped hill.
Where God is anthropomorphic, personal, and to be feared,
Instead of reverenced, held in veneration and revered.

Where Reality, Truth, Enlightenment, are also rendered nil,
Mere words that have no meaning (ah! words that should move
and thrill!)
Bear in mind, Philosophy, Science, Truth and God are real,
Synonymous with Reality, and which the soul doth feel.
Not hid, concealèd in a bog of mysticism black,
Of bigotism, savagism, Druidism, in back;
Get hence! Aroint thee, with thy Druid omen-taking lot,
Thy Scotch-communing, savage-fetich, Dervish Tommy-rot,
Where imagination teems with morbid images that grope
About in mist, chaos and darkness, mumble, maunder, and mope,
With Ignorance the underlying cause, that reigns in state,
With notions 'pon the hoax Predestiny and inscribed fate.
Worthy of the Middle Ages, ere the Rennaisance,
When retrograde or stagnant, were true progress and advance.
Things are real, real, real, and not concealed in smut and smoke,
Exhaling fumes of bigot fear, blacker than fumes of coke.
Science, Philosophy, Truth, express a steady onward Plan,
Real, not mystic, real, e'er since the very Cosmos began!
A steady widening onward Purpose, unimpeded, free,
A growing vista, where, at its Goal, is Truth, Reality.
Enlightenment, effulgent light, glowing in glorious hues,
Of celestial Splendor which the soul with peacefulness imbrues!
But bear in mind, Reality not mystic bigotry,
Is its constant comitant to all Eternity!

Mind, unless 'tis counteracted by an inner force,
Making Will-power instrumental to its dynamic course,
Unless maintained, retained, sustained, by inner Force and Will,
Degenerates, and keeps degenerating lower still.
In course of time, unless rebuffed with spirit's wondrous power,
Combatting it with inner strength up to the final hour,
Mind degenerates, deteriorates, and, what is more,
Is obfuscated, darked, clogged, down to its very core.
Mind is prone to degeneracy, to obfuscation dense,
To darkness, and foul saturation, poison and virulence.
Obfuscated, like a streak of light by black obscurity,
Clogged, like a boulder hid beneath a steaming lava-sea,
Darkened, like th' envelopment of a chasmal black abyss,
Saturated, like a sugar-cube by a watery kiss,
Unless it bid the demons to get hence, and close the door,
Upon their leering faces, ere they enter and wage war,
Seeking refuge where the soul-palladium stands guard,
Accoutred in invulnerable armor, tempered, hard!

Spirit, that divine Quintessence, so seldom truly possessed,
That godly innerness, which stands immune to every test,
Is prone t' obliteration, evanescence, extinction sheer,
Like an erstwhile noctal flambeau, made to disappear,
Made to vanish like a lambent star on a pitchy night,
Swallowed up in th' obscurity, forever out of sight,

Obliterated like a cirrus cloud that melts away,
Melting into nothingness, obliterate for aye,
Extinguished and rendered extinct, like the stamping out of flame,
Like the lapsing into unconsciousness when falls the human frame,
Like the swallowing-up of summer lightning in th' obscurity,
Like the puffing-out of fire, abrupt and instantaneously.
Unless maintained, retained, sustained, by inner force and Will,
That harkens to inner voices, and sees visions that move and thrill;
Unless it bid the Demons to get hence, and close the door,
Upon their leering faces, ere they enter and wage war,
Seeking refuge where the Soul-Palladium stands guard,
Accoutered in invulnerable armor, tempered, hard!
Retaining spirit, clear, pure, beaming, is a constant strife,
Not an inner clash, for there it lives a peaceful life,
But an outer struggle, brought about by baseness prevalent,
Mundane low immundicity, the dust-trailed consequent.

The Progress of Civilization is as truly inevitable,
As the progress of evolution, climbing steadily uphill,
For Civilization is the bright inspiring evidence,
Of mental evolution, manifested immanence
Of mind enlarg'ning, growing, broadening, from the lowest low,
Of creatures, stage by stage, and with each stage a higher glow,
Continuing with the savage who is but an upright beast,
Progressing ever, demonstrated by the dextrous East,
Given an enormous impetus with th' Advent of great Christ,
Which, spite of opposition had the lagging ones enticed,
To see with broader, nobler views the wherefore and the why,
Of many wonders 'pon the earth, and many in the sky.
And thence progressing steadily up, upwards in the scale,
Striving all unconsciously to reach a higher pale,
And now, e'en now, still growing, for it is inevitable,
For Man retains what he hath learned, and with developed will,
Is strong, determined to undo the Gordian knots that rise,
Like numberless spectres—when undone, berendering him more wise.

"Though barriers, that daunt the heart rise in the path like peaks,
Which rise up sheer from mountain ranges, where the vulture shrieks,
Though Phlegethons obstruct the way with hot ambagious waves,
And hydra-headed dragons wild, frequent surrounding caves,
And nameless obstacles uprise, hobgoblins out for prey,
Orageous ogres, fangy, frothy, leering in the way,
Still on, and on, and on, toward Truth and Light and God I tread!"

Ah, what a noble attitude if such can truly be said!
But why enclothe the path with horrors, that in truth are not,
Why engarb the way with dangers and with condite plot,
Of some unseen diablery when such things are as naught,
Untrue and unveridical and with mere falsehood fraught.
For know that that much-treasured path is straight, as flies the crow,
Straight, unerring, smooth and horizontal, even so.
No horrors dark its pathways nor are dangers in the road,
No ogres, goblins, dragons, griffins, there their steeds bestrode;
For straight the path of truth wends on, as free as airy winds,
That sweep the meads and hillsides with arboreal reminds.
But 'tis along its sides where lurk and squirm the virulence,
Along its sides where fearful glares the Satan-prevalence,
Along both sides that lap its banks, where flow the inky sins,
Where dwell the Ogres, Goblins, Griffins, Dragons, with tails and fins!
Aye, the galaxy of worthies from Tartarean realms,
Who wait with untaxed patience till their tempting overwhelms;
Phlegethons both side do border with their fiery streams,
Stygian flambeau writhes, and boils, and seethes, with facial gleams;
But it depends 'pon thee to keep the path and walk on straight,
Intent upon thy goal and deaf to that which lie in wait,
For thee, to turn aside and plunge int' Hell's infernal realm;
Unless thou keep the path and grasp the tiller of thy ship's helm!

Man's happiness depends upon his inward state of mind,
And not upon external things; the mount defies the wind.
His happiness reposes 'pon the being of his soul,
Its calibre, condition—all within his own control,
And not upon external matters, fortune, circumstance,
Surrounding life's existence, such as climate, fate, or chance.
Happiness should not be muddled up with things terrene,
Confused with that of sense, sensations, passion, anger, spleen;
Anent such state the nomenclature under which it goes,
Is comfort, satisfaction, ease, and sensual repose,
Gratification, phlegm, good-humor, appeasement, sensuousness;
And synonyms of purport such as similar thought express—
Peace, or happiness, the Spirit's state dwells in a zone
Far, far above the earth and sits upon a heavenly throne!

When men are gladdened or appeased in pocket, passion, sense,
Their feelings are appeased with earthly ease and indolence;
Man's happiness depends upon his inner self, and not
Upon his outer self, a carcass prone to decay and rot,
Upon his inner state of mind, and condition of his soul,
And not 'pon external circumstances, that, like breakers roll.

Beat, beat about the bush, go beat until thy hands are sore,
Beat round the Truth, go beat until thy wounds are clotted with gore,
Beat till the moon will turn to wax, until the sun grows cold,
Beat round the truth until this pigmy planet's hour has tolled;
But remember Truth is Truth, and will remain the truth fore'er!
Unmoved and imperturbable, not so much as to care
A stiver for thy hullabaloo, a grainlet for thy noise,
Aye, not a whit for all thy din, thy fetich-clanging toys;
Set up wax idols, fall adown and worship as thou wilt,
Erect foul succedaneous altars for thy occasions built,
Go trumpet abroad thy rioting, thy bogus blasphemy,
And shout until thy lungs are hoarse, thy foul idolatry,
Go dance i' the ooze of Bacchanalian din and bogus Lie,
Go feed the fuel of the dark Unreal, go herald, croak defy.

Yet Truth is Truth for all a' that, sweet Truth remains unstained!
Immaculate and spotless to Eterne; as't has remained;
Its effulgent light forever shining, with steady radiant light,
Hid to most, but seen by some, in its Empyrean height!

And remember! drag with thee, whoso thou wilt down, down below,
With thee the hosts that hurry, scurry, madly to and fro,
All occupied with mad diversions or with empty ways,
Knowing that the earth's rotation bring the morning's rays;
But have a care! when from this conflux, rises up a soul,
Rising straightaway to higher realms th' Effulgent Goal;
Hands off, hands off, oh touch him not, it means thy woe and death,
Mock, if thou wilt, but let him draw in peace his gentle breath!

Despite the righteous contumely of philosophers,
In flouting anthropomorphic notions of theologers,
E'en they themselves they anthropomorphic render Deity,
And pull down God to teeny earth, to base mundaneity.
Aye down to jotty earth, down to wee men, mere vanishing motes,
Mere foam that follows in the wake of the swan as on it floats;
To satisfy themselves and to appease their scrumptious whims,
Accepting false hypotheses for life's fleet interims,
Making Deity subservient to their many ways,
Accepting succedaneum for Truth's eternal rays;
As well endeavor to arrest the earth in its gyral route,
And make the sun about it turn, if 'tis the taste to suit.
As well a tiny filing might a magnet large attract,
As well a monkey nozzle its trainer and revert the pact.
As absurd as the Indulgences that moved great Luther's soul,
Which for a pittance gave to men salvation's sacred goal.

Why will ye veil the glorious sun with an atramental shroud,
Why tenebrate reality with a dark and inky cloud,
Permitting but a tremulous stream of light to glint athrough,
Upon contrivèd idols, of reality in lieu?
Ah, Reality! Quintessence of all balms that soothe the soul!
Like the billows of the silvered beach, so do thy billows roll,
O'er the conscience, lulling, soothing, calming it to rest,
Like the land of sweet Elysium of Ponce de Leon's quest,
Casting off the slough of things, as the snake throws off his skin,
Jumping clear of the treacherous bog of the quaky "might-have-been,"
Unveiling like a cloud unveils the moon, the blissful Truth,
That stands transfigured to the Soul, A Heaven itself, forsooth!
What was before we do not know nor what will after be,
But what is now we know, Oh, grasp the opportunity,
To gain a *Soul,* and be possessed of what is "all in all,"
The Immortal Something, that can safely thrid life's wildest squall!

The penalty of sin is Hell, paid in its direst wage,
Meted out unstinted like the venting forth of rage,
Paid in its own and fitting coin, emolument most meet,
A punishment appropriate, eternal, sure and fleet,
The criminal, who, aft a heinous deed, escapes the law,
Flees from justice, from tribunals, turns aside its claw,
Is punished ne'er-the-less and reaps a fitting penalty,
Not by men, but by himself, the result of perfidy.
Think not that he eludes his punishment because at large,
From mere judicial verdict, mere judiciary charge,
He's trammelled, bounden, hand and foot and cast into a pit,
Ten hundred thousand times more foul than jailers can render it.
Toward which the felon's slimy dungeon, black, below the sea,
Is a radiant palace, for 'tis Satan who locks and holds the key!
Satan who grins, and leers, and clasps his throat, with both his claws,
Choking his victim as he grinds and grounds his iron jaws!

Man is his own Convictor, his own Punisher; and he
Is his own judge and jury, and doles his own penalty.
He sees both paths, the Right, the Wrong; if he choose the one of sin,
He reaps the harvest that accrues; well can the Devil grin.
For *Man is the Master of his Fate;* 'tis his mysterious power,
To mould his Destiny, To eat the sweet grapes or the sour!
Crime can never go unpunished, 'tis a stern decree,
That Sin must meet its doom, and never with impunity.
The wages of sin are doled out by the Devil—"it is Hell,"
A salary that goes without the asking; fiery and fell.
Man is his own judge and jury and his goaler, too,
Himself the criminal who is sued, himself he, who doth sue.

For he determines his hereafter, it is his innate dower,
To choose 'twixt Hell and Heaven, aye, a grand and inner power!

As trees uplift their branches to the warm, congenial sun,
As the eve attracts the swallows when the summer day is done,
As the scentful flow'rs depend upon the sun for warmth and light,
As the gleaming dewdrops rise up, upwards to the skyey height,
As the balmy South attracts the birds when winter's days are nigh,
As the tides rise full and limpid, when the moon shines in the sky,
As the lodestone draws the filing to itself with subtle force,
As the earth turns 'bout the brilliant sun in its revolving course:

Even so is weakly Man dependent e'er 'pon God,
And Whom to reach the Effort he must make 'pon earthy sod.
"The Master of his Fate eternal Man is—he doth hold
The power his after-destiny to determine and to mould."

Live up to the times and catch the spirit of the Now,
Keep well astride its progress, thought and newness; find out how,
And cast aside the dregs of bygone days grown obsolete,
Bigotic customs, criminal rites and succedaneous cheats.
Spurn with thy foot the practices that show the bigotry,
The ignorance, the narrowness, and criminality
Of bygone ages, plunged in blackness of the blackest dirt,
With wars and slaughter, sins and vile debauchery begirt,
Spurn with thy boot the customs of a people grovelling,
Groping, feeling like a ground-hog, cursing, butchering,
Performing as a horde of superstitious savages,
Combattling with tenfold ferocity of wild Cortez,
Blaspheming God with fell anthropormophic traits, and ways,
Suited to their habits, aye and living in a haze
Of murky dismal darkness, constant bellicosity,
Reflecting well the lowly state of brutish bigotry!
And enter in't the light, in't which t'would seem we are emerged,
Cleansed, scoured, and free from ignorance from narrowism purged,
With Time th' eternal Demonstrator, holding up to view,
The lies of darkened ages flown, and pointing to the True.
With knowledge the great enlightener whose glory men now claim,
Which teaches us that for the Past, sheer ignorance was to blame.

To pretend to be sincere, to merely sham and make believe,
Is worse than being insincere; for, others to deceive,
In outer feignèd semblance what the inner self belies,
Is plainly playing the Hypocrite, who 'pon a sham relies,

For bear in mind the wolf is still the wolf, though in sheep's fleece
The trained tiger still the tiger seemingly at peace,
Sir Reynard still the cunning fox, when flattering the crow,
The serpent still a living snake, when feigning 'neath a blow.
Dissemble not, like feigning spiders, nay, nor make believe,
Acceding first, then turning round and laughing in thy sleeve.
Avaunt with vile hypocrisy, that foul and hideous mask,
If ignorant, doubting, wavering, interrogate and ask,
Ask, crave, implore, nay, pray to be enlightened, taught, informed;
But cast aside hypocrisy, a venom that has warmed
Thy wayward self emitting deadly fumes of virulence,
As fell as the ourali-poison in malevolence.
Come out and face the world with open countenance and mien,
Confront thy fellows with open features not behind a screen,
Come forth with candor, stand erect, and like a man behave,
But slink not like the shying Minatauros to his cave!

Dissemble not, nor e'en eschew, nor e'en equivocate,
But with a fearless countenance, let Truth predominate.
What though the earth be but a jot, lost in ethereal space.
Encircled by a thousand perils ambushing its race,
What though mere humankind mere beetles clinging to the ground,
Adhere and overrun its soil, by surging oceans bound;
Look fearlessly into the Truth, into Reality!
Look bold into the state of affairs, unmoved, unflinchingly;
For better 'tis to see the Light, than Succedaneum,
For better 'tis to know the worst, than but a modicum,
For if thou wilt prevaricate, thyself dost thou deceive,
And taking refuge in assumptions, hypotheses to weave,
Based 'pon an ineradicable impetus to state
That man is much important, an accessory to Fate,
Is merely guiding but thyself to covin, fraud, deceit,
Huddling close, like sheep astray, to wildly bah and bleat!

Hence, hence, avaunt! with subterfuge and tenets made to suit,
To quell the fears; to please the tastes, the Vanity to boot;
And gaze into the Truth of things with stolid countenance,
What though thou learn how wee thou art, how infinite Heaven's expanse.
Then wilt thou feel, that over all, is God, and Whom with Will,
Frail Man can reach if he but make the effort to climb the Hill.
Life's peregrination is beset with bogs and stubbly tares,
With Skeptics, Stoics, Atheists and briars, thorns and snares,
With heterodox philosophies, pagan hierophants,
That will perplex thee, and confuse and make thee look askance,
Soliciting the Truth from out these divers sects and creeds,
Hesitating which to guard, and from which to pluck the weeds;
Therefore be staunch and harken to thine inner consciousness,
And do not con by rote what differing other men profess,

Until thy brain, thy mind, thy self, have weighed, considered
thought,
For Truth comes not to apathy, it must, must be self-sought.
Why wilt thou look incessantly upon the miry ground,
Uliginous and sloughy, and thy head bent like a hound
Upon the scent of some poor beast, thine eyes glued to the trail,
Of obfuscation, indecision, all that they entail,
But lift thy weary eyes, and lo! above thee thou'lt behold,
The Glorious, dazzling Light as bright as iridescent gold,
A radiant light synomymous with Truth, for there it gleams,
To all Eternity emitting vast celestial beams!

PART II

HUMAN NATURE

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HUMAN NATURE

Though eras, ages, aeons have been ushered in and gone,
Though progress has increased and grown, e'er since the Mastodon
Bestrode submergèd continents, lost levels and moraine,
E'er since wild forests, years and years, have lapisdescent lain,
Though social instincts have waxed warm, the growing consequent,
Of clan, and tribe, and feudalism to chartered government,
Though education has aroused th' expanding intellect,
And raised man from his bestial state, to reason and reflect;
Yet human nature has not changed; in Man it has inhered,
Through all his vast vicissitudes, and with him it has steered,
Through channels, straits, and mazy fiords, and rapids running wild,
Through thick and thin, and storm and sleet, and weathers, calm and mild.
As prevalent are human foibles now, as in eras flown,
The Good, the Bad, the High, the Low, the Industrious and the Drone,
When Nero ruled and Arabs clashed, and Tartars scoured the plain,
When Bismarck frowned, and Richelieu, in Louis Fourteenth's reign,
The Human foibles domineered recurrent as the Tide,
Ebullient, asseverative, keeping e'er astride!

Look not aback at times flown by, when Caesars were as kings,
And dub them fiendish, fierce and ferine, worldly underlings,
And throw up hands in horror, at their pagan ways and wiles,
Plebian, Patrician, swayed alike by pagan whims and guiles;
Look not aback at times gone by, when papal bulls were rife,
With excommunication, interdict, 'gainst royal strife,
And catch thy breath in horror, at the lowliness, that urged
The Middle Ages ere into the Renaissance it merged;

Look not aback at times flown by when France was bathed in
blood,
When over Europe's continent swept on a gruesome flood,
And clasp thy hands in horror, at the murderousness that swayed
The fiendish throngs, inflamed, and hacking with the bloody
blade;

For look about you, cast your vision o'er the very Now,
Gaze at the Present, as a look-out 'pon a vessel's prow,
And lo! thou wilt behold the very wiles that swayed proud Rome
Its worldliness, ferocity, still churning into foam,
The coarseness of the Middle Ages rampant as of eld,
With Blasphemy within the vise of Skepticism held,
The revolutionary lust still smouldering and prepared
To burst into an insurrection, momently if it dared!

What is the cause? 'tis Human Nature given a free rein,
Untrammelled; and upon its heels there flocks a motley train
Of vices, following in its wake, as porpoises a ship,
With indefatigable tirelessness, throughout its trip.
'Tis an old volcano, that, without the merest sign,
Hurls forth its data, fire and rocks adown the steep decline;

Then suddenly is lulled to rest, continuing so for years,
To vomit forth its hell anew, its smoke and fiery spears.

Is 't possible to hold in check, restrain, and overcome,
These fiendish foibles, linking men to beasts, ferine and dumb?
Aye, aye, 't can be o'ercome but men will not the effort make,
'Cause it requires a great, great, effort—his comfort is at stake.
And Education is the Impetus to this improve,
Christianity the demonstrator of this giant move!

When stoops a human being, it is lower than the brute,
Yea, lower than the hoary beast ferocious and hirsute,
Lower than the lowest of the animals that roam,
And lope, and slink, and crouch, and prowl, over the sun-dried
loam;
For the human feels *that* which is right, and *that* which is
wrong,
And understands the varied planes to which they both belong,
And therefore conscious of his vileness, grows ten-fold more
vile,
Aware and cognizant of his degradedness the while.
Place him 'mongst the savages of some untrodden land,
And even they, considered vile, will soon receive the brand
Of viler degradation, if such thing be possible;
Made beastlier than heretofore, easily menable.
And he who inculcated newer vices will be found
To be the lowest of them all, hilariously crowned

The chief, and potentate of sins, acknowledged e'en as such,
By th' obscene and beastly rabblement, too vile to further besmutch.

Character, like truth will out and show its open face,
Assert itself unknowingly, at any time or place,
The countenance may learn to hide things, 'neath a stolid cast,
Of features, tremorless at that which others stand aghast.
But character like truth cannot be hidden or concealed,
But like the slow uplifting of a mist-cloud stands revealed,
It needs no scrutiny, examination, or keen search,
To ascertain the like, of it—an oak is not a birch.
Let but a man just ope' his mouth and utter several words,
It boots not on what subject just unloose the vocal girds,
And like a boulder rolled away, exposing all beneath,
Revealèd stands the character, as smooth as tin-foil sheath!
With sinister exactitude thou mayst point out the man,
The brute, the enlightened, the shrewd, the snob, the bigot, in the van.
An apple may be red and rosy but decayed within,
From out the blossoming shrub may spring a jaguar with a grin,
And therefore do not be beguiled, deception prowls the way.
Be wary of the fraud, the hoax, it needs no radium ray.
But wait and watch, as the hornèd owl, and, standing all revealed.
Will stand the character, its foibles hitherto concealed.

The ignorant who might deceive the world by pedantry,
And other cheats of similar kind, a cunning strepitancy,
Invariably manifests his shallowness against his will,
By some remark, some question, some rejoinder, timèd ill,
As when a lap-dog carried in a satchel all concealed,
And unbeknown to passengers, all closed and deftly sealed,
Emits a sudden bark ill-timed, betraying what's within,
To the mild surprise of those around, who snicker, smile and grin;
Judge not a man by countenance it is a flagrant lie,
Nor by the voice's modulation or the lying eye;
At a glance the character might be discerned, 'tis true,
The fulsomeness, the grovelling traits, that up with manhood grew.
Yet 'neath a face that seems to indicate some manliness,
May lurk a nest of poisonous asps, concealed by outer dress;
By conversation thou canst judge the man's accomplishments,
His bias, his aspirations, tendencies, illumined or dense,
His wishes, his ambitions, dropped in the gen'ral flow of speech,
His probity and shallowness, the tools within his reach,
But even then thou canst not judge his character, until,
Thou art with him alone, then like the flowing of a rill
Will forth his genuine character, in speech, in use of term;

In act, expression—and forth from the peach will crawl the worm.
'Tis said that men in gambling will evince their character,
When deep absorbed in cards and game of chance, the calibre,
Will out, as from a hidden volcano, when the loser's wrath
Is roused by constant loss, then like a jaguar on the path
Of some stray sheep, will flare and boil, or rest, calm, imperturbed,
(Where some to desperate acts are prone, others are undisturbed).
That all the pent-up ire, becalmed like oil thrown on the sea,
Will burst, explode, and vent its wrath, in bloody sanguinity.
But 't needs no gambling with a man to read his being aright,
Remain with him alone—then will thy doubts be put to flight.
For then will forth the sterling worth, the goodness if such be,
Or the foulness, fulsomness, and grossness and putridity,
As when a bottle is uncorked, emitting fragrant scent,
Or fumes of noisome stench, all snugly bottled up and pent;
"Birds of a feather flock together," here the adage holds,
And if thou art of a similar wing, thou'lt join the feathery fold,
The Debauchee will arm in arm, with him, his brother sot,
The Charlatan with charlatan, and those of the money-pot,
The so-called dignitarian, he who assumes an air,
Will slyly greet his fellow-pal, a crony found everywhere.
The blatants-bags, like Scottish pipes, will argue, discuss and chat,
Importantly 'pon Tommy-rot, with aggressions and standings-pat.
The scurrilous will hurl forth filthy jest and dirty pun,
The frivolous will plunge into the garish glee called "fun";
Hence put not faith into a face, a countenance is a mask,
'Hind which may fester poisonous tarns, and venomous reptiles bask.

Judge not a man by countenance, for features are controlled
As though by wires; and take on shape like ingots in a mould;
And 'neath a seeming innocence that hovers on the face,
Whether it be intentional or an habitual grace,
There, couchant like a deadly cobra, virulence may lurk,
And all the fell concomitants of passion, writhe and work.
Many a rouge-faced apple that lies glistening like the rose,
May be half putrid, and on sliced a canker-worm expose;
Two cronies are there, constituting that peculiar class
Of face controlling thaumaturges, from the surging mass.
First he whose features are by wont, enwaxed in innocence
That wear their look of injured pride when charged with the offense
Of which he guilty is, but with the cunning of the lynx,
Takes refuge 'hind his facial lie, with grins and side-thrown winks.
And he, who guilty loud gainsays his guilt, and twists his face,

To suit the foul denial, taking foothold on the base
Of blank stolidity, that waxes into sullen mood
Or boldly contradicts the charge, with features set and glued.

Aye, sin and rank scurrility are often found beneath
The face that seems innocuous—'t may have such poisonous teeth,
As had the dagger, dirks of eld, contrived by royalty
In the wild intriguing days of studied Chivalry,
Or ducal princely domination, when were threatened power,
Or tenure, or their feudal funds, or person, secrets dower;
As had that wily drug-concocter urged by Philip of Spain,
To poison Queen Elizabeth who held him in disdain,
As had those dames and chevaliers of Fourteenth Louis' court,
With poisoned daggers, foods and books, a popular resort.

Let but a man articulate some clause and thou canst judge,
At once his calibre, his foibles, be he lank or pudge;
'Tis true that but a glance at one suffices to explain
The man's vocation, disposition, whether in ease or pain,
Whether a Swede or Spaniard, what his nationality,
Some partial glimpse of what the person's character, might be;
But to ascertain with sureness and precision, let the throat
But utterance give to several words—then cans't thou judge and note
The foibles that conserve the character to constitute
If thou canst but distinguish cleanliness, from filth or soot.

The vilest, rankest, adage, that hath ever uttered been,
Replete with gross obscenity, and virulent of sin,
Is that which leers and shouts "In Rome do as the Roman do,"
An' 't needs no aid, defining help, its meaning to construe.
A saying coveted by those who are not truly men,
Whose very presence breathes corruption, as a noisome fen;
A saying iterated by the lowest of the low,
Who have no God, no Mind, no soul, not even brains to know
The most insipid facts, the simplest things observed and seen,
The clique that makes the criminal, the brute, the base spalpeen.
Look round you in a motley crowd, and standing off a pace,
Is writ the beastly adage clean across his brutish face,
Stamped 'pon his bloated visage with th' indenture of a brand,
As deep-set as unclean tatoo stamped 'pon a dirty hand.

What is the curse which robs men of all pride of manliness,
What is the leak which makes all pride of selfhood effervesce,
What is th' infatuation that deprives the mind of peace,
What is the murrain that debilitates and sheers the fleece,
What is the Phlegethon that yawns before the giddy eyes,
What is the fiery dragon that claims the victim as its prize,
What is the chasm that engulfs within its dismal deep,

What is the Monster that mows down all honor at one fell reap?
Money—the Fiend! who stalks abroad, and grins and laughs and howls,
As he hurls each victim headlong, into Hell's putrescent bow'ls,
Looking round for further fuel to feed the fires of Hell,
Fuel aplenty all around, and plunging in pell mell.
Money! the executioner who hacks and hacks and hacks,
Kept busy like a threshing mill, with his rusted, bloody axe;
Applying himself with zest and zeal, as he wields the pond'rous steel,
Hewing, hacking, chopping, whacking, the vermin at his heel.
Money! the Viper, that spits and spits its venom and spits again,
Branding each victim with its poison, busy with motes called men,
Dealing and doling its stigma, like warm Afric's Tzetze fly,
That fells a horse, when stung, to rise no more, how valiant it try.

But remember Money itself is not the curse, "but what it brings,"
For bullion, gold and mint-stamped coin are inoffensive things;
Yea, what it brings not only mere regardlessness of pride,
Not only puffed importance and deceit, that cannot hide,
And will not hide, its colors, but will don a brazen shield,
That glistens and bedazzles in the sunlight all revealed;
But Luxury, enervating the virile traits, within,
Ease, and pomp and fulsomeness and Bacchanalian din,
And inculcates a parsimony that cannot be quenched
And Tantalus-like, grasps out for more and more, till all is wrenched
Away by that which wrenches as can wrench no human hand,
Foiled by it, that stalks in quest for prey throughout the land.
'Tis true thou mayst be affluent and philanthropic, too,
And wouldst give 'way and share thy wealth, (alas! there are but few);
But let a man taste luxury, and for it he will pine,
As the smoker longs for the stinking weed, as the drunkard thirsts for wine.
I care not what a quaking farce of generosity
Thou mayst present nor what a guise of open jactancy,
Thou puttest on, to boast and bray anent thy pompous show,
Of liberal ways and generous eleemosynary glow,
I care not what a garb of charity thou puttest on,
What be the attractive power of the apparel thou dost don,
How much thou boastest of thy fat donations to the poor,
How much thou braggest of misfortune thou hast had t' endure;
If thy full heart has not gone with it, genuine and sincere,
And if thy heart has not been moved as by a hidden tear,
And if the nobler motives in thy bosom are not attuned,
To the lyre of sweet sincerity as though thine own the wound,

Then thy donations, thy philanthropy, is all for naught,
Thy generosity, thy liberality is not worth aught,
Thy liberal ways, thy eleemosynary attitude,
Is but a farce, and worth as much as was a yeoman's rood.
Ah, generosity is made of substance more refined,
Than Avarice that keeps the kernel offering the rind.
Ah, charity is formed of stuff much nobler, aye, by far,
Than parsimony apprising like the sunlight what you are:
A miser, namely, thinking of thy stomach's ease and purse,
Regardless of th' afflicted, if thou hast but to disburse
A paltry pittance from thy hoarded wealth; if 'tis to give,
That they might suffer less, at least subsist and barely live.
A constant quantity is avarice 'mongst high and low,
A smouldering ember by a baser instinct kept aglow;
Out of the city where contention howls like hungry beasts,
And competition pillages, and ruins, laughs and feasts,
Is miserliness e'en prevalent, contagious as a drought,
Diffusing itself like odors, that connot be trapped or caught.
Why does neighbor "So-and-So" apprisèd of the fact,
That neighbor "So-and-So" is starving, cold and careless act,
Why does Farmer Jones begrudge the apples that but rot
Upon the ant-strewn ground, and paint "No walking on this spot,"
Why does Mistress Jane keep staring like a Salem witch,
At hungry Bill who fain his stomach with puddings would enrich,
Why does neighbor Joshings turn the beggar from his door,
Unconcerned that he is weak to falling 'pon the floor?

Why, why, because the selfishness of paltry human ants,
The avarice which wrankles in the breast, and fairly pants,
Is prevalent and overwhelms all sympathetic stir,
All kindliness, commiseration, just content to purr,
And nestle on the downy hearth of self-complacency,
Greeting that poor men are freezing with "don't bother me"
That they are hungry with the hauteur "I am not to blame"
That they are cold and ragged "Let them go from whence they came."
Keep, keep thy wealth, thy paltry lucre, keep thy luxury!
Keep thy gold, thine ease, thine Epicurean panoply,
Keep, keep, it all, hold fast, hold tight, and gloat, exult and feast,
Go demonstrate that real and truly thou'rt indeed a beast!

But show compassion, not with "Oh, is that so, it's too bad!"
But aid if but most meagerly the hungry, poorly clad;
If thou'rt e'en as penurious, 'tis not required of thee,
Thou can'st not give what thou hast not being in adversity.
And yet a crust, a kindly word, is better than a sneer,
A heartfelt sympathy is better than a meanly jeer.
'Tis said that Charity is ne'er requited e'en with thanks,

That Kindness is returned with th' enmity of practiced cranks,
That benefactions are received with mere mock gratitude,
Occasioning e'en intenser hatred, and more sullen mood;
What if it does, what if the human feels no thankfulness,
What if the man be far too coarse his indebtedness to express,
Is this the reason why thou should'st reciprocate his spleen,
His low, detestable demeanor, and be rendered mean;
Is this the reason why thou shouldst act like a vulgar cur,
With needles out like a porcupine, or like a chestnut burr?

There's always someone worse off than yourself, aye, always so,
It boots not where thou wander, where thou be, or where thou go,
There's always someone worse off than yourself, how sadly true,
For misery, like a permeating damp spreads through and through
Think not that thou alone art miserable, or weighted down,
With sorrows that incise thy peace of mind, and ever frown,
With black esurient frowning, of the seven-headed Witch,
Whether thou be impoverished, well-to-do, or even rich.
The sufferer cannot fully feel his fellow sufferer's pain,
Nor enter into sympathy, because of personal strain,
Because afflicted with his own keen sorrows, woe and grief,
To try t' assuage his fellow-sufferer or afford relief;
Engrossed is he, too keen with tribulation to observe
The situation of the other, or his needs to serve;
Therefore, it depends 'pon those who suffer not as keen,
To help and aid them and to give support 'pon which to lean;
T' assuage their pains and sooth their griefs, and help them to arise,
And point out that the glorious sun still shines i' the bluey skies.

Refinement is that redolence, acquired and made to be
A sweet concomitant of individuality,
Acquired through mingling with that classis where 'tis prevalent;
Acquired through self-emergence from the vulgar, relevant,
When points the inner selfhood and the Conscience to the state
'Bove coarseness and profanity, and things, that relegate
Urbanity and cultured mien, to the plane of vulgarness;
Which, till the difference is perceived, 'tis futile to repress;
Refinement carries with it strength and conscious dignity,
And with it goes an unassuming bland suavity,
And educative apperception also serves its share,
To bring about refinement, and to climb its cushioned stair.
But effeminate to be, means not at all to be refined,
As heterogeneous as the luscious orange to its rind,
For finical affected mien, goes with effeminacy,
And lost is selfhood, strength, assertiveness, virility,
Assumed are weakly ways that rob the strength of character,
And dignity and manliness are inner traits that were.

Habits formed in youth will cling and deepen throughout life,
Through its many vicissitudes and circumstances rife,
Like barnacles that cling and grow upon a schooner's keel,
Like seaweed clinging to a boulder though the sea congeal;
What though 't has been the lot to taste the bitter grapes of grief,
What though thy skiff be shattered upon dissipation's reef,
What though hilarity and wanton ways have been pursued,
What thought a life be righteous and all lowly paths eschewed?
Habits formed, acquired, and nurturèd, in youth will cling,
In after life with firm inherency, and ne'er take wing,
Unless before 't becomes ingrown 'tis ousted by the Will,
That keeps a watchful vigil causing many a conscious thrill.
Thus one whose consuetude was to give ear to flattery,
Will crave for it through life, or wan, and languish visibly,
Hypochondriacal become, because he can no more hear,
The snaky tones of adulation striking on the ear.
And one whose craving is for gain and lucre will e'er seek,
For more and more, though standing 'pon the top of Fortune's peak,
And sundry other habits, principally the ones abstract,
Will throughout life, unless determinate, remain intact.

Be not chary of thy charity, cast off the slough
Of greed and parsimonious ways, and tender no rebuff
To obtestations but for food, of him who questions thee,
To quench his thirst, to sate his hunger, with humility.
For he who asks for food is hungry or he would not ask.
And give him food and drink, e'en though a victim to the flask.
For since thou must grip iron grip, upon thy money-bags,
At least give food, give drink, give clothes, to replace the thread-bare rags.
Refresh, give alms, and ope' thy door to the wayworn traveller,
Lift up the latch, and proffer something—be it a hungry cur.

Flattery is the cause of many a steep, abysmal fall,
Adown which chasm gloom pervades, and bitter is the gall,
Deteriorating in its action, weakening virile strength,
Maurauding selfhood, depth of vision, till prostrate at length;
Egoism, as it is, accures to one all,
And when beflattered and digested rises like a squall,
And stigmatizes all its acts with egotistic brands,
Imperious, ironic, selfish, loud in its demands.
Brought to such state as to believe "the world, 'tis I, hence bow,"
And genuflect as to a Caesar, like a vessel's prow!
And Egoism, brought to such a state of selfishness,
Must be replenished with vile flattery or else distress,
Moroseness, gloom and sorrow, longing, hungry, spite, and hate,
Will overwhelm the flattered-one, nor will it e'en abate

One modicum until berobbed of strength, and health, and life.
The gaieties of the world will cut and wrankle like a knife.

Beware lest sycophants beset thee with their sleek remarks,
They are but wolves in lamb-skins, sly and fierce voracious sharks,
Which will surround thee lovingly, if 'bove the water's brim,
But once below the surface not a fig for all thy vim,
For thou wilt be devoured and worried, stripped e'en to the back,
It recks not how considerate thou hadst been, they'll wrest and sack;
And having been relieved of all thy luggage, kith and gold,
A sweet "ta ta" will greet thee, left to perish in the cold.
Decapitated Charles was well beloved, aye, seemingly,
But when the axeman loomed up grim at Parliament's decree,
A helter-skelter soon ensued, deserted at the inst.
When loyal friendship is most needed yet he never winced.
And thus the sycophant is still a fixèd quantity,
A comitant of every age with proof from history,
Sugared, nice, to outer view, with honeyed words, and ways,
But rankish in the inside, with dire hates that sound like praise.
Upon the desert's wierd expanse where all is arid waste,
When falls the weary camel, left to perish in their haste,
Suddenly wee, tiny specks bestain the flawless sky,
Approaching nearer, ever nearer from the realms on high,
Until a host of vultures break upon the astonished sight,
And swoop down 'pon the piteous camel breathing still, though slight,
Devouring, clawing, tearing, gnawing, ah, a bloody lot!
Until a pile of bones remain to mark the pitiful spot.
Thus, thus, in life the human vultures act, and sans remorse;
Beware, lest thou art pounced 'pon in their transterrestrial course.
For ere thy breath inflates thy lungs no more, their claws will sink
Deep down into thy flesh, though suffering, hovering near death's brink,
Protect thyself, aye, aye, but how—by honest manliness,
And let sleek adulation sizzle, hiss, and effervesce.

Cagliostro's craft is practised with a license nowaday,
That puts to shame his machinations, why? because the prey,
Those weaklings, and the ready bait, thrown broadcast, by the hawk,
The vulture and suchlike carnivora; i' the open stalk.
And who are those who gulp the bait, and those who bait the hook,
Who the sparrow, who the owl, that hies in dell and nook?

Th' unwary, and the weak of mind, the ignorant, and the wight,
Yclept the bigot, masquerading, in betraying garb bedight.

Beware the Charlatan, who stands on the coign of the city streets,
Offering his black deceptions, drugged and poisoned sweets,
Proclaiming from the shoe-wornwalk, his sales and lying wares,
His cheats and downright virulence and subtly fashioned snares,
Haranguing where the crowds are thick with people of all class,
Hustling, bustling, to and fro in one congested mass,
A conflux gullible, deceivable and credulous,
Excitable and risible, fickle, hilarious;
Beware yon quack, and guard thy purse, it is in jeopardy,
Not likely to be grabbed amain and wrested forcibly,
But likely to evaporate like water from a pool,
Or percolate until 'tis empty, and thou'rt dubbed the "fool."
He stands on corners where congestion seethes like a steaming spring,
His voice fanfaronading with a loud, metallic ring,
His eyes are piercing, cunning, dancing, and his mouth is stern,
Swarthy in complexion and as stalwart as a kern;
And with a nice vulpinity backed up with earnest glance,
He'll gull thee like a gen'ral who retreats when thought t' advance.
Finger thy purse, and clutch it tight for stalking through that throng,
The pickpocket walks in search of prey with garbled, outstretched prong.

Out, out, upon ye, ye who prey upon the Public's purse,
Intent to have the credulous spend, squander and disburse,
Their earnings 'pon such gewgaws, that attract the gullible,
And oft at times the wary, and the cautious 'gainst their will.
Hiding falsehood 'neath a garb of deft mock-earnestness,
Assuring and insuring with well practice way and stress!

Yet yours is a practice practiced by the majority of men,
Ubiquitous in every clime from the Bourse to the thieving den,
Its name is swindling, but with common sanction 't has been changed,
To "Business" and through industry and commerce it has ranged.
To cheat a man or "do him" is an omnipresent scheme,
A never-ending wrestle and a much-discoursèd theme,
And, he who is fleeced at first laments and curses like a pard,
Then does the fleecing, from the skin of the victim still unscared;
And the victim being shorn awaits until his wool is grown
Then takes a hand i' the fleecing-game, with shears all his own.
Forthwith ensues a game of hand-ball, throwing the ball around,
From hand to hand, now being caught, now falling to the ground,

A game called "Business," but forsooth, a game of *swindlery*,
Where all the training requisite is keen astucity.

The Swindler is the vampire and the Usurer the leech,
Alighting 'pon such victims as may come within their reach.
For the vampire makes his depredations when his victim sleeps,
Sucking his blood all unaware, though he close vigil keeps,
Surprising him when all is night and when the buzzards drone,
The crickets chirp, the night-owls hoot, the baboons wail and moan,
Flying off when sated, still in quest for further prey,
While wakes the sleeper all bedazed, and weak with dawning day.
Even so the swindler acts, down swooping unawares,
Manœuvring sly, argutely, but no longer than he dares,
Flying off before the victim learns of his dismal plight,
Who, waking, would pursue, but nay the swindler's out of sight.

But the leech crawls 'pon his victim when his senses are awake,
Sucking his blood but causing not the slightest conscious ache,
Surprising him when all is day, and when the chipmunks trip,
The lizards bask, the locusts drone, the finches hop and skip.
Falling off when sated, unperceived, of his own accord,
Whilst adynamic feels the victim, feeble, as when gored.
Even so the usurer acts, crawling cunningly,
Falling to without remorse, in vile chicanery,
Withdrawing when inflated, when his dupe has nothing more,
In quest of further innocent prey enriched with ampler store.

'Tis piteous to behold the cheated wight, who, gulled and drugged,
Is gulled into a cause of falsity, black-jacked, be-thugged,
With seeming truths, which are mere hoaxes, hidden 'neath the robe,
Of so-called "frame-up"; dupes and dupers found throughout the globe.
The inconsistency of Man is long proverbial,
His fickleness, and wavering opinions, mutable,
Changing colors like that perch-like fish of southern clime,
That changes hue e'en as thou gazest in an inst of time,
Huzzaing with the crowd, hurrahing with the multitude,
But grumbling 'long in synchrony, to suit their varying mood.

Practice what you preach, or else thou art a hypocrite!
A thaumaturge, a two-faced mongrel totally unfit,
T' inaugurate, propose, or forward, sentiment or thought,
A "scoundrel," 'pon thy heart in burning characters inwrought.
A quack prescribing for his dupe to refrain from drink or smoke,
As turning round he quaffs his liquor wrapt in a misty cloak.
Practice what you preach and do not snicker in thy sleeve,

Because thou hast prestigious wiles to make thy dupes believe,
Or else thou art a sycophant accustomed to his work,
Of flattering princes as beneath his cloak he grasps a dirk.

You can make as much impression 'pon some people as you can
Upon a block of granite, senseless, as when you began.
Talk to a log of wood, convince a statuesque of clay,
You talk to things of similar hardness, listening to what you say,
Apparently with open ears, but no, with closèd mind,
As though thine utterances were wafted to the northern wind.
You may speak with grandeur, and impressiveness, with vehemence,
With all your soul's exuberance and as a subsequence,
You find your auditor, as much affected as rock,
"In one ear and out the other," perhaps, inclined to mock,
Impressing them as pattering rain upon a Rhino's hide,
Or like the Mistrail's hail affects the rocky mountain side.
'Tis best to waste not breath upon such individual,
For thine harranguing, inspiration, is ineffectual.
Such person should be left alone and pitied, for the mule,
Will stand and budge not though thou use the whip, and sharp ferrule.

The ignorant will wonder where the wise remain serene,
The man of honor keeps his troth where lies the base spalpeen,
The ignorant will ejaculate where keep mute the truly wise,
The former marvelling at things which to the latter are no surprise.
Allow the uncultured boor, the mannerless patch, though be it slight,
A little leeway, and respect and reticence take flight,
Impertinence ensues, and all reserve is trampled o'er,
And arrogance asserts itself, where deference was before.

Judge not others by yourself, you are what others are not,
And others are what you are not, from knave to the bibing sot;
Ascribe not to others pers'nal foibles, failings, of your own,
For they may be to strangers peregrin, unfelt, unknown.
Personal personalities are as varied as the shapes,
Of cirrus-clouds that grace the sky, or odd fantastic flakes.

Why dost thou nudge and crowd around yon jabbering parrot's cage,
Amused and entertained at its obstreperous chattering rage,
Intently harkening to its pandemonic monotone,
Embellished with expressions foreign to its torrid zone.
Turn round, look round, and thou wilt find amongst thy fellow-men,
Bipeds analagous to the parrot—now look round again,
And thou wilt see them jabbering in the selfsame monotone,

Propulsed by bronchial force, with blatant sentiments, not their own.
Phlegmatic as the hog, that lolls i' the miry swill-strewn mud,
Lethargic as the cow that stands and chews its grassy cud.
The greatest ape of apes that ever aped an ape is man,
Aping his neighbor, act for act, as closely as he can,
Gaping round to ascertain the doings, acts, and ways,
Of those within his vicinage, then living through his days,
In similar simian lethargy, in similar apish mode,
Mien for mien, and, act for act, pursuing the beaten road.
Apish, sayest thou! nay more, a cockatoo to boot,
Harkening neighborwise to list how runs the common bruit,
Of gossip, hearsay, rumor, talk, and entering in the lists,
Of "I suppose so," "Well, they say so," vague as filmy mists.
An ape confirmed, a very parrot, and inveterate
Instincts nurtured constantly until become innate,
Looks round him like the waddling duck, ere jumping in the lake,
Then spying his fellow ducks, leaps in and paddles in their wake.

Go con by rote beridden rules, and hackneyed formulæ,
Thy baseless, bald hypotheses int' which you cannot pry
Go memorize some fixed code, some sheer concocted laws,
Thy vacant regulations and thy lapisdescent flaws,
Go limit thyself to thy narrow sphere, go chain thyself within,
Imprison thyself in what thou hast been taught, drink down the gin.
Incarcerate thyself to what has said the pedagogue,
And grope about elated, in thy small, beridden bog.
Take on new empty appanages, then cough with dignity,
Take on bald, bare appendages, that flatter thy importancy,
Then flaunt like the cock of the walk, thy blatant bare appellatives
Thy titular hangings, pendant dribs, that spice to thy vanity gives.
That tickles thy pride, evokes "eh hems," importance and conceit,
Puffed up with peacock "here-come-I" with heavy, noisy feet.
I care not a whit for all thy noise, a stiver for thy din,
I care not a jot for all the clanking of thy tail-tied tin,
For thou art still what thou wert before, a puffed-up cockatoo,
A parrot that has learned a fixèd speech, with nothing new,
A monkey that has learned to ape, as his master aped before,
A tiger that has learned to act, his part becowed and sore,
A circus-horse that learned to run around the circus ring,
A kite that's wafted in the air as the flier holds the string.
Avaunt with all thy jactant baubles, vain inanities!
Mere human hoaxes, human farces, human peacockries.
Show me the man who makes no outcry, strong in his reticence,
Show me the man who flaunts no dribblings armed with an immanence,
Show me the man who is no cockerel, calm in his dignity,
Show me the man who peddles no pedantry, strong in his privacy,

Him I respect and honor, aye and bow to, for there goes,
The man who thinks, the man who gleans, the *man who truly knows*
His thinking thoughts, his gleaning substance, and his knowing mind,
Taking in the truth, and leaving dregs and lies behind;
Stalwart in his kind demeanor, affable, and good,
Authoritative e'en in things by others not understood.

Pageantries we want, shout men, obstreperous pageantries,
With blazonments, accoutrements, and colored panoplies,
Paradings, showings, loud brass-bands, mass-meetings, feasts and fêtes,
With paraphenalia, uniforms, and frowsings, frowns and frets,
Coronations, mardi-gras, parades, and pompous crowds
All, all the shouting, cheering, clouting, reaching to the clouds,
Augmented with wild decorations, ablaze in divers hues,
Garnishments and uniforms, atopped with pipes and mews,
Of flute and fiddle-strings, bellowing trombone, fife and cymbal clash,
Accompanied by tambourines, becrowned with the drum's great crash!

Excitement! sayest thou, nay, more a bedlam, if such thing
Were capable of being had, where walls and ceilings ring,
With Pandemonic gibberings, with shouts and raucous cheers,
And execrations, sibilent curses, yells, and hideous leers.
As variant as a weather-vane, in wild and changing mood,
Feeding their whims, e'en as they feed their stomachs with mixèd foods.
Impulsive as a plunging sea that froths and then grows calm,
Or as a sleeping desert that is roused into a qualm.
A nettled steed that will not stand but leaps forth like the wind,
A quivering canine bounding with a can tied on behind.
Yea, pageantries, indeed, nor calmed or satisfied withal,
Will supplement them with the Show, the Theatre and the Ball.
Pageantries as empty as a Vermicelli-tube,
Dissolving and then disappearing like a sugar-cube,
Satisfied with what he fain would have these pomps imply,
Importancy and dignity 'eheing,' "this is I!"
Aye, 'tis a clinging remnancy of the savagery of eld.
A trait that wild barbarians and savages have held,
Where tribes confluxed, begirt with raiment dazzling to behold,
Bedizened, and caparisoned, with trinkets brass and gold,
Assembled to proclaim a chief, or hold a wild carouse,
A war dance or a public fête, a taking-on of vows,
With selfsame cymbal, selfsame catgut, and the selfsame cheers,
The shoutings, speakings, cloutings, shriekings, deafening to the ears.
Crowning chiefs, electing leaders, come to drink and feast,

Junket, quaff, carouse, and gourmandize, as does the beast.
Aye, not a whit of difference lies 'tween the Then and Now,
Excepting that new customs and ideas have taught men how
To dress with greater finery, and eat with more finesse,
To penal-code th' etceteras, the manner, mien and dress.

Oh, rise up on some promontory, kissing the very clouds,
(If rise thou canst not sheer from earth's wee ever-hurrying crowds),
Rise up high into the bluey sky, and look adown 'pon earth,
And thou wilt see a sight replete with jollity and mirth—
Mirth, nay more, a diabolic, giddy hilarity,
That calls forth wierd, sardonic laughs, a chuckling bitterly,
As gazing 'pon wee tiny men, wee infinitesimal motes,
Setting up his pageantries, and pomps 'pon which he gloats,
Congesting here, congesting there, with huzzahs and hurrahs,
Then covert-ward bound, forgetting them as an empty thing that was.
That was, aye, aye, that was, as were the pomps set up by men,
Flown, forgotten but replenished now as they were then,
With new excitements, fêtes, to free them from their ennui,
To fill them full with the gaseous pretext of importancy.

So deep ingrown is sin and so beclutched in the hand of Man,
So nurtured, fondled, fostered, petted, through life's flickering span,
So guarded, watched o'er, kept alive, so hidden with nicety,
So countenanced with fulsome jest and vile hypocrisy;
That this world's destruction, bound to come, and not far off at that,
Will find wee men still sinning, all besmeared, besmirched and fat,
With torpid vices and their comitants and gross pursuits,
Catered-to as he would be catered, now rending the air with hoots,
And now with screams, and now with barks, and now with bull-frog twangs,
As he squabbles with himself, now hissing, and now showing his fangs,
'Pon things inane as a bauble's inside, bursting into naught,
Amusing himself like a grizzly with his ball, now kicked, now caught.
These things are the baubles, and Man the baubler, as on through life he scuds,
Wrapt up with that yclept the Present, as he baubles his soapy suds.
Entrenched upon his battered hulk as he navigates the seas,
Of "cater to my sordid wants" my present pomp and ease.

"Give me what I want and I want it now," such is the blatant cry,

Of humans, breathless, with their shouts and cravings that defy
The elements, the sea, the air, the Devil to his face,
Shouting for new wants, desires, to keep with the old apace,
"Give me what I want and I want it now, *now, now, now,*"
Shout men with fierce reiteration and with sweaty brow,
As feverishly they rake the embers of their pruriencies,
To find new wants to sate their lusts, their craving tendencies;
And as to the bugler's blast, new forms of men arise around,
Thus responsive, do there spring new forms, as from the ground,
Of caterers who cater to the new desires of men,
Who blow and bugle away with might and main and bugle again.
The hackneyed strain heard long ago, but louder now than e'er,
"Give me all I want, and now I want it"—have a care;"
Aye, all that smacks of sumptuousness, of comfort, luxury,
All that smacks of the Epicure, of ease, pomposity,
That caters to my itching wants, my keen fastidiousness,
My cravings, longings, pinings, yearnings, clad in newer dress,
To suit the times, augmented by new fads, and ways and modes.
That ramify like spiral twigs into a thousand roads,
Sensations give me, new sensations come, be up, and do,
Promiscuous grab-bag delights, the old as well as the new!"
Sensations, aye, ye morbid seekers, that is what ye crave,
What though they brand with infamy, what though they blot,
deprave,
And hurl thee hurtling through the ether like a putrid snake,
Intently drinking, quaffing, with one thought: thy wants to slake,
"The Present give me, dost thou hear, the Present give me, yea,
The Present with its lurid pits, that fell bestrew the way,"
Fastidious, ha! a word describing Mankind to a T,
A word that brings to view his nature, bare and openly,
Depicting him, describing him, exhibiting, nay more,
Laying bare concealed and new propensities galore,
In food, or dress, in every act, fastidiousness intrudes,
A common factor in his ways, and labors, acts, and moods.

"Come, cater to my wants," such is the cry that rends the air,
Like Mexican water-carriers' shouts, a clause heard everywhere,
From white Alaska's Klondyke fields to Argentine's warm plane,
From Norway's fiords and glacial gulfs to the Land of little rain,
Wherever bipeds go begarbed in vestments known as clothes,
The well known cry goes up, and thence the vendors who expose
Their wares of divers kinds, a motley, savory, tempting horde,
That fills the air with keen aroma, covering the groaning board.
Aye, co-respondent with the shouts for newer wants and whims,
Shouts, vying with the voice of Stentor, in Cyclopian limbs,
Forth there rises like an exhalation newer bands,
Of caterers with newer dishes, brought from foreign lands.
'Tis gain, profit, lucre, which incite that galaxy,
Of caterers to spring up with a mushroom rapidity;

"I want the best," cries Man, and forthwith up there springs a wight,
Prepared, begirt, to give the best, *if there's gold in sight.*
As when a sentinel springs up to his feet, and cocks his gun,
When approaching footsteps strike his ear, and fires if thou should run.

Money, money, money, 'tis a cry heard day and night,
Rising, falling like a flail, a hot and busy fight.
Wherein the dupes are fleeced, wherein the sharks grow Midas-rich,
With many a slump, and many a boom, and many a midway hitch.
And 't needs no training, nay, to enter int' the struggling lists,
No jockey-weight, no wrestling-strength, no pugilistic fists,
Thou need, but to be introduced into the Stadium,
And thou'rt a knight, with silvern spurs, sans spending a modicum.

What is the motive that propels invention, is't desire,
T' inaugurate some new device, 'cause men have begun to tire
Of old devices? no; it is th' emolument in sight,
The contemplating riches, wealth, his trouble to requite.
Is't a motive to supplant inventions obsolete,
With those improved, just for mere men to recognize his feat?
Nay, nay, kind sir, the motive underlying it is wealth,
Wealth to be got through fraudulency, aye, by any stealth,
Money, reward, a guerdon, is the contemplated thought,
To reap a harvest of glittering gold, to crown what he hath wrought.
And now-a-day ten-thousand-and-one inventions fill the mart,
O'ercrowding the emporium with device of every art,
With journals, dailies, advertising columns, of newer schemes,
Newer inventions, newer chicaneries, ha, the market teems!
Fastidious are men from times of yore, but growing more,
With newer innovations, newer inventions, schemes galore.
It is a phase of human nature, ne'er to be satisfied,
With what it has, but seeks for more, with avid weighty stride.
Aye, present possession is the instigator, toward still new'r
Acquisitions, like the Will-o'-the-Wisp, a steady lure.
As Time progresses, men will become more finical with ease,
More fastidious, more luxurious, their cravings to appease,
Until all bodily energy, exertion, sinewy strength,
Will flag and flaccid grow, until entirely gone at length,
Unless, exerting energy his power to retrieve.
A state of affairs in progress now, look round, if thou wouldst believe!
Lucre, profit, is the luring Will-o'-Wisp of the vale,
That instigates th' inventor to produce his wares for sale!

On, on, with the dance, oh caterers, ye Dervishes grown full,
With popularity's loud cheers, thrown strraightwise into "pull"

With vociferous approval grown 't importancy
Of leading factors, counting numbers, in the community.
For men will shout, till the Crash of Doom, their pristine prurient shout,
Heard throughout Earth's wide domains, adoring and devout,
"Forth with cookeries, forth with foodstuffs, forth with edibles,
That sate the taste, that warm the palate—a murrain take the ills,
Esculents concocted suchwise digne of the name a "feat,"
The after effects I care not for, give me drink and eat."
If man were not possessed of palates, not possessed of taste,
Would they eat, as heartily e'en though it be in haste?
No, no, quite sparingly would food be swallowed, if at all,
For Taste is lacking, distinguishing 'tween honey sweet, and gall.
Forth with your delicatessen foods, your sauces, wines and meats,
Your pickledries, and pottedries, ferments, and tin-canned treats;
Yea, oh caterers, concoct with all your cunning craft,
Be it munchings, chewings, crunchings, or something to be quaffed.
A market will ye find 'mongst men, just reach them with thy tin,
And bought up will they be with wild rapacity and din.
Let it be a toothsome treat, that promises to sate,
Not the stomach, but the taste, assured is thy money-rate.
And why do impecunious men not patronize these stuffs,
These dainty tidbits, and at times mere putrid cattle slough,
"They would if they could, but they can't," aye, money is the one restraint,
For wild and glaring and enticing, are the colors they paint,
Proclaiming the beauty of their foods, till memorized by all,
Be it thy bacons, hams, sardines, thy cocktail, or highball.
When all the shops that line the streets are closed up for the night,
The liquor stores, yclept "saloons," still flourish at their height,
Becrowded, jammed with men around the balustrated bar,
Imbibing, quaffing, gulping, sipping, like tea from a somevar;
Pouring down the liquor as with elbow on the rim,
They slowly gulp, then wait, then gulp again with renewèd vim.
In city, town, or village, where dwell people rich or poor,
Saloons and dramshops thrive, and prove a fell Tartarean lure,
That works upon the scanty savings of a hard-earned day,
All for satisfaction's sake,—such is the human's way.
The shops that act as rivals to these dens of ebriety,
Are those that cater to the sense of taste and luxury,
Namely those that, whilom, were yclept "green-grocer store,"
But now are rendered "delicatessen," of interest to explore,
For there in stoppered jars and jugs, arranged with nicety,
Ten thousand patent dishes stand, esteemed a luxury.
Contrived, invented, fashioned, cooked, concocted to appease,

The cravings of the people, catering to the stomach's ease.
Preserves and picklings, rare-bits, tins, mincemeats, fish, and hams,
Condiments, and sugared sweets, marmalades, and jams,
Contrived to make the mouth e'en of the most fastidious,
To water like a famished dog, with hunger ravenous.

Why do ye shudder when ye read of ferine cannibals,
Or of such waifs marooned 'pon hulks, or rafts, or caravals,
Who gourd and feast 'pon human flesh with wolf-avidity;
And those marooned aft casting lots fall to with savagry,
Upon the body of such victim as drew forth the straw
Of shortest length, and then devouring flesh still warm and raw;
A scene of horror, like of which 'tis seldom to behold;
Aye, shudder at the cannibal, who, picking from the fold,
Of enemies makes merry 'pon the raw remains of men,
Like to a tiger feasting 'pon a lamb dragged to its den.
Ah, cause ye have to shudder, cause to make your blood grow chill,
Yet are ye nothing better than those fiends that eat their fill,
Of human flesh, aye, nothing better, ye who gourd and sate,
Your appetites 'pon flesh alike, put to a similar fate,
Slaughtering, decapitating, stabbing sans remorse,
Murdering, assassinating, taking life by force.
With hideous hardness harkening unto the wrending moos,
The plaintive bleats, the tearful bahs, the sad despairing coos,
Junketing upon the flesh with many a jest and pun,
As swallowing the savory viands, slain with knife or gun.
Carnivorous are ye e'en as those who human flesh devour,
Upon the selfsame plane; it has thee in its identical power.
The Fiend, the craving after flesh, to sate thy wants, it is
The very Ogre, with the flaming dark horrific phiz,
That grins upon ye, whispering in your ear enticingly,
Its hidden visage all aglow with cunning devilry.
Anthropophagous are ye likewise for 'tis bleeding flesh,
Whether yclept a man or cow, the deed is ever fresh,
And ever 'fore your eyes that it is meat that ye devour,
(From which the ruddy blood flows, fresh; recoil not; nay, nor cower,
'Tis murdered bodies, slaughtered, stabbed, and slain by your bloody hands)!
To sate your cravings save it lacks rebuffs, and reprimands,
And exclamations fraught with horror, shocked, "how could men eat
Such savage food!" as you yourselves devour called flesh, or meat.
What is the motive that propels thy traits carnivorous,
Are they to the impulse of the beast analogous,
Yea, but two further causes underlie of latter growth,
As firm and fixed as a drunkard's tongue to curse and filthy oath,

To wit: 'tis Custom, which is naught but riding in the rut,
Made by the wheels of vehicles, that creak and groan and splut,
Driven by apes engarbed in clothes, regaled in fluffs, and frills,
Playing "follow-the-master," a game as ancient as the hills,
Custom "the word that calls" to mind a flock of plodding sheep,
That jump o'er fences, one by one, a lure to bring on sleep.
A word that means a green-hued parrot, shrieking what's been taught,
With oaths, invectives, pleasantries and sounds picked up and caught,
A word that means a hairy ape, that follows every act,
With sedulous sententiousness, with practiced apish tact.
And th' other, Pigishness, synonymous with appetite,
That sates its wants up to the brim, as hawk, and carrion kite,
A word that means a grunting hog, that wallows in the mire,
That will not rest until 't has satiated its desire.

Ah, men are prone from vanity to laud them to the skies,
He builds him structures, challenges, aspires, and even vies
To raise him 'pon a plane in which he fain would be a god,
Alas! not thinking that he's naught but noisome, rotting sod,
He trumpets forth with brazen blare his prestige and his power,
Fanfaronading, speechifying, trying hard to tower,
Up to the end of skyey space, as those of Babel did,
Endeavoring to awe subject the elements to his bid,
Launching forth self-eulogies, self-panegyric speech,
Smacking his lips with relish o'er the alcoholic peach,
Patting himself upon the shoulder, just as much as to say,
"You're all right, pal, your voice is loud, you make a fine display."
Yet what is Man, aye verily come down to bottom fact,
Aside with covered lies for which he has a studied tact,
Discard the jactant air, of "I," the vain propensities,
That permeate his acts, his ways, and idiosyncrasies;
Aye, what is Man, in pure reality seen from a point,
Of Truth, that wrends the covering veil, sans seeking to anoint
Him with an ointment, that conceals the odor prevalent;
For stench is stench, and dirt is dirt, how smoothèd o'er with scent;
Aside with vanity and pride, aside with jactancy,
Aside with egotism, aloof with such vacuity,
Aye, set aside the Ego's boast, that, tinctured deep with time,
Has learned, alas! how foolishly, to raise it to the Sublime.
Be candid, frank, open, servient, remove the ingrown pride,
That bristles o'er the body like the needled pins that hide
The porcupine's soft skin; and scrutinize mere Man, and lo!
Thou'lt find how fierce the characters do scintillate and glow,
That throughout his existence Man's a *Parrot, Ape* and *Pig*,
Beginning, ending, bounding him, as water bounds a brig.

A Parrot, Ape and Pig, aye, the exact portrayals these,
That picture and describe him, and the deft and very keys,

That open up the portals where his habits, moods and ways,
Stand forth in all their nude display, his every act and phase.

A Parrot, ha! before he ope's his mouth he gapes around,
To harken what says neighbor Jones, then reverberates the sound,
Gives ear to gossip, then gulps down the sentiments abroad,
Nodding in accordance, and prepared to deride or laud,
The prevalent credulities, opinions and beliefs,
Echoing back the very quavers, wrecked 'pon the very reefs;
Perusing dailies, periodicals, the noisy press,
Then wags his head from side to side, or up and down, with stress;
In sleek accordance with the sentiments expressed in print;
Assenting, or denying slavishly, without a squint.
An Ape? ha, ere he goes about the dictates of his mind,
He gapes around to ascertain what's going on behind,
To ascertain the acts his neighbors perpetrate and do,
Then does them all accordingly (the monkey through and through);
Casts round a circumspecting glance, and, spying Jones' pursuit,
With Simian finesse, casts in his lot, and self, to boot.
Following like a galley-row'r, or like a Roman slave,
His actions, doings, occupations, though they sear, dep-ave,
Looks askance, and seeing Bill jump from the corniced roof,
Climbs up thereon, and jumps off likewise, and without reproof.
A Pig? ha, down to the inmost core, concealed exteriorly,
With gourmandizing, satiation, ease, and gluttony,
Catering to his desires, with pigish fastidiousness;
And resting not, until appeased, either with sumptuous mess,
Or sensual ease, and luxury, sense, and appetite,
With Bacchanalian, Terpsichorian, Momian robes bedight,
Reveling in sensuousness, a trait of the white-haired hog,
Wallowing, though not in mud, yet in a similar bog.
Satisfying craving, with voluptuousness and ease,
His every thought ta'en up his constant cravings to appease,
With condiments, and somnolents, libations, drinks, and wines,
Worshipping assiduously wild Bacchanalian Shrines;
Parrotry, and Apery, and Pigery, the net
Encircling Man's existence; ah, a queer and motley set!

Wait, wait, ye prideful dignities, ye vain and jactant horde,
Ye puffed up bits of putrid clay, equipped with knife and sword,
Slaying, hacking, 'mongst yourselves, in bloodiness called war,
Slaying, hacking, round yourselves, and wallowing in the gore
Of defenseless beasts, and denizens, to fill thy belly up,
With relishing viands, and sensual ease, and then the wine-filled cup,
Quaffing it down; thine Usqubaugh, thy claret, and champagne,
Thy venisons, thy delicatessens, and others in a train.

Eat, gourd, fill in, drink, quaff, then fall, supine in sensual ease.
Like a blood-filled leech that drops off prone without the slightest breeze.
Sate, sate, thy wants, go glut thy cravings, stuff thyself chockfull,
Then go devise still newer delights, thy jousts and baited-bull;
Thy theatres, where depravation stalks with full permit,
Thy rendezvous and social clubs where jeweled humans sit,
And idle talk is handed 'round, inane as air-blown bags,
Thy whims for new sensations, Picnics, Dances, Balls, and Stags,
Wait, wait, ah, wait, and suddenly, when ye do least suspect,
Abrupt will be your end and all your human baubles wrecked,
Wrecked and hurled along with ye adown the deep abyss,
Where all is Oblivion, Night infernal, Darkness Stygian; This
Yea this, is in store for ye; A keen, sharp Damocletian sword
Hovers above ye, thread-held, hanging by a gossamer cord.
Smile if thou wilt, then mock as is thy wonted cynic wont,
Scout the thought with execration, attention pay, or don't,
Perhaps the vision may chill thy smile, and damp thy skeptic sneer,
Perhaps the vision may petrify thy smile if thou but hear:

'Twas night, a pitchy night, and snow lay covering the ground,
All Nature lay as stupefied as in a trance-like swound,
Lake, river, pond was frozen o'er, the vales were filled with snow,
The hills were capped with ice, the roadways crunched beneath the toe,
The forests rose up bare, and bleak, a mystery slept within,
A weirdness wrapt the earth, the village, city, town, and lyn.
No stars shone, but there frowned a mass of minatory cloud,
Upon the brumal earth and chill the winds swept o'er and loud.
The very globe seemed manacled within an icy chain,
Prognosticating snowstorms or a chill and sleety rain.
Indoors its wee inhabitants slept, huddling for warmth, and crouched,
Tired, weary, and fatigued, aft' hours of merriment, when couched,
Or seated sat they round the board that groaned with drink and food,
And wines and viands where wild Bacchanalian scenes ensued,
Yet now they slept inebriated, some in huddling pose,
Unconscious to this planet's merriment, its griefs and woes.
But, lo! gaze upwards in the sky, the clouds have cleared, and faint,
The stars shine rheumy through that mist which wintry nights do paint,
And high directly overhead there gleams a golden star,

That seems as though 'twere falling, aye, and with a nervous jar!

Is't a meteor! is't a comet! is't an asteroid!
Or is't a fixèd star, that gleams, so fierce as though annoyed,
Hah! thou guesser, dost thou see that tail that sweeps behind,
That nebulous haze around it, 'tis a comet, list, but mind,
'Tis headed for the earth, 'tis shooting downward, straight! straight! straight!
Downward, downward, downward, Oh, Earth sealèd is thy fate!
Gaze, 'tis a light, a luminosity, that fills the sky,
Growing larger, larger, Oh, Destruction writ on high!

Still wee men do sleep in torpor, and the winds do howl,
The branches creak and groan, the hungry wolves do slink and prowl,
Darkness wraps the earth, but densely lit is the infinite sky,
With a largening light that looms and looms up, larger, largening on high,
But, stay! the piercing winds are lulled to rest, the air grows warm,
A cosmic dust begins to fall first light then in a swarm,
The snow begins to melt and melt and melt, and now, but see,
Vanished is every vestige of that wintry panoply;
Small inundations flood the vales, the ground is soaked and wet,
Ten thousand lakes are formed and petty torrents brawl and fret.

But, look! the night gives place to day, with magic suddenness,
And all glares with a saffron glare impossible to express.

The people wake,—they gaze above—they shriek in fear and fright!
Upon their knees they fall, and frantic, try to evade the sight.
The city streets are black with humans, shrieking with claspèd hands,
Shouting, weeping, mumbling, babbling—broken are the bands
Of understanding, Babel reigns, a hideous seething mass
Of wild, hysterical, shrieking humans, flying, flitting pass,
"Help, oh help, drink, give me drink, I suffer, O, God help!

Nay, nay, wee humans, help has flown, yon panting red-tongued whelp,
Suffers as thou art suffering, thou art no better than it,
No, not a stiver, not a farthing, not a whisplike whit.

But, gaze! the air is stifling, and black cinders fall adown,
A hideous yellowness bathes the earth, and look, the screaming town
Is all afire, the buildings rock, and now the forests burn,

The air is filled with red-hot ashes, it boots not where thou turn,
The frenzied people meet with horrors of the blackest Hell,
Still mercilessly comes the comet, downward, fiery and fell.
The humans 'gin to drop down lifeless, throngs are overcome,
Thousands fall unconscious, tens of thousands, mute and dumb.
Intolerable becomes the heat, lo! earth is all afire!
Naught lives, but roaring flames, Infernal Chaos shocking, dire!

The comet grows still larger, larger, growing momently,
Inexorable, merciless, a giant monstrosity,
Across the sky it stretches, one huge mass of moulten fire,
From horizon to horizon, coming nigher, nigher, nigher!

Crash! the earth is struck! ten billion howitzers that belch
And thunder forth synchronically, e'en such a roar, and squelch,
E'en such a crash, and more, is heard; wee earth remorselessly
Is struck, demolished and destroyed, smashed in a thousand bits
That shoot forth now mere asteroids; still on the monster flits—
The comet suffers slightly and pursues its fiery trail,
A Monster terrible with molten head and gaseous tail,
Onward, rushing onward silently, till lost to view,
And where the earth was, now is space, ethereal, naught in lieu;
The stars in heaven gleam and glint, as though naught had occurred,
As though no mass had swept adown, as though no crumb had stirred.
And now, ye skeptics, smile, mock, grin, and chuckle to yourselves,
Laugh heartily with loud "ha ha's," 'tis a tale of fairy elves,
Shake your dubious heads in incredulity, and smile,
And pucker up your lips in what is called the Cynic's style;
Titanic tasks of æons old, and unremittent toil,
Demolished are in one small inst to mingle with the soil,
Of no avail men's callid crafts with seeming strength imbued.
To contradict or war with Nature in her mildest mood.
The avalanche will gouge the earth, adown the mountain side,
The crater belch forth moulten fire, destroying far and wide,
The earthquake rent the very ground, with gulf and aperture,
The inundation sweep the earth, submerging cliff and moor;
'Tis on a spheral speck Man lives, revolving on through space,
Subservient to the elements whose fury he must face;
Remember! in the macrocosm earth is but a speck,
And mankind, 'pon its rolling face an evanescent fleck,
That 'tis a dot in heaven where writ is God's calligraphy,
And mankind 'pon its rocky sides a wee epiphany.

PART III

ECONOMIC

PART III

ECONOMIC

Political Economy dates back t' antiquity,
From Erin's Isle and Afric's brush to warring Tuscany;
'Twas common to the ferine Vandal, Tartar, Arab, Gaul,
To Mohawk, Seminole, and Aztec, on to China's Wall.
For 'tis a human foible to conform to government,
And recognize authority and its expedient.
Acknowledging a reigning head adept to judge and reign,
Than laxity and all the evil following in its train;
'Twas common to band and roving horde, to tribe and loyal clan,
Shaping itself till gradually a government began,
From principality, and district, region, widening realm,
To Nation, Empire, Commonwealth, ever at the helm;
Ere Man was civilized, it was like Instinct prevalent,
Ere Man was moralized, its principles were eminent,
Ere Man was virilized, 'twas present, strong in influence.
Ere Man was culturized, 'twas there with just equivalence.
And why? Because, when the savage trod the stone-strewn
treacherous soil,
Fear, that bosom comitant of humans, like the oil
That spreads upon the water's surface spread and ever spread,
Invoked by Nature's forces, filling the bosom with deep dread,
And thereupon as sheep behuddle when the wolf swoops down,
Together drew they for protection, deciding, 'pon a crown,
To decorate the head of him, hailed as a chief or king,
Whose duties were 'pon tribal matters, whose say was every-
thing.

Socialism paves the way to Atheistic Hell,
Presuming all authority whatever to expel,
Surpassing e'en the ignorance of sire Canute of eld,
Who tried the Ocean to command, and thought sole power he
held,
Presuming to deny that which is Truth, Eternal Light,
By taking 'pon their wee and tiny pigmy selves sole right.

And Atheism, like a Viper, leads to blasphemy,
And Blasphemy, still grovelling lower to depravity,
Depravity if not restrained, to Crime and direst Sin,
To shocking low bestiality, attuned to clamorous din;
And now but one alternative, to Stygian pitch of Hell.
Or to a frantic flocking back, a scrambling back pell-mell,
To former precepts, former ways to radiant Truth, and God,
Whose Power sways the Macrocosm, like a vast magnetic rod.
Reliance 'pon a Super power, high, beyond frail Man,
Asserting itself with growing strength since civilization began,
Is as innate and permanent and deeply soul-imbued,
As Conscience, Apperception, Thought, and is the spirit's food.
Aye, Metaphysics, in its finest, nicest subtleties,
In its closest pryings-in, discussions, abstrusities,
In all its deep abstractions, wherein Logic, too, hath trod,
Takes refuge in the Domineering Deity in God.
To be a sinning Atheist is to be lower e'en
Than a bloody savage, glut with junket, wild, loose, and obscene,
For spite of low barbarity, and ignorance, he doth feel
The prompting 'fore an Infinite God to fall prostrate and kneel.
While th' Atheist, despite his learning, craft, perceptiveness,
That all one mighty purpose, one evolving plan express,
Hides his head like an Ostrich deep within the burning sand,
Thinking t' escape reality, ostensible and grand,
And perishing like the ostrich, with his head still in the ground,
In ignorance, in pitchy night, in the darkness of a swound.

What though a Nation cultivate a neighbor-loving creed,
A mutual solicitude estranged to personal greed,
Accepting all the adage "Man is free and equal born,"
What be the social standing, what th' exterior adorn,
It must have a government, though representative,
To guide, manœuvre, reconnoitre, smoothe, adjust and give
Attention to the national welfare, and to hold the reins,
Attentive to the people's wishes, acting for their gains.

If everyone a power had in gubernatorial rule,
And bepother, meddle with it, be an active tool,
Each one beleaguering, gainsaying, aye, and finding fault,
Suggesting things, endeavoring his notion to exalt,
A Chaos would ensue, a dire Confusion, nay, a Hell,
A scrimmaging, contentious horde which naught on earth could quell.
And were each individual his personal governor,
A master for himself, a king, a nabob, senator,
Each living as he pleased without e'en justice or a code,
No vexillary to respect, pursuing any road,
Patriotism would be quenchèd and obliterate,
The love for Native Land would meet a quick and sudden fate.
Enthusiasm, fervor, interest, pride, would be no more,

No longer would the heart beat faster for its native shore.
No thrill of pride, no pangs of longing, for indigenous soil,
Mellifluous of bygone days, which Time cannot despoil.
Nay, civilization would be detrimentalized, and checked,
And Learning's progress would arrested be and even wrecked,
For, but to labor as inclined, without gain or reward,
Would quench Ambition, balk Progression, Truth would be ignored.
Refinement would be alien, and Culture but a word;
T' ignore distinction 'tween refined and vulgar is absurd.
Mere temporal interests would engross the mind of gluttonous Man,
Demoralizing, vitiating, based 'pon a worldly plan,
And spiritual interests, ah, eternal, would neglected be,
Till lost would he become to things that mean Eternity,
Th' insatiable pursuit of Science would be given a shock,
The search for Truth for truth's own sake, would wane and join the flock.

And if such crisis were to come, autonomous everyone,
Urged by a venditating few with hue, invective, pun,
As sure as the dolphin takes to the sea when its scaly wings are dry,
Keeping in the outer air till it can no longer fly,
Thus surely will it readopt the former state of affairs,
And don its warm, accustomed garb, avoiding bogs and snares;
As puzzled, perplexed, and helpless, as the sloth when 'pon the ground
It finds itself, and tries to walk, but falls as in a swound,
Thus puzzled, helpless, out-of-place, it would be, aye, and more,
Till well within germane environs as it was of yore.

To entertain a fantasy, extravaganza mere,
A wild proposal built on air, that sounds good to the ear,
Impractical, indefinite, suppositive, and vague,
Like one who fain would up and walk, but shudders with the ague;
Will fall, collapse and crash adown, an indiscriminate heap,
A self-inflicted demolition, aye, a ruinous leap,
For to insure successful project, regulation, plan,
It must survey with ferret eyes, the entire prospect span,
Manipulating weighty things, medium things, and small,
Probating this and that, these, those, considering it all,
Discarding favor, enmity, envy, prejudice,
Nor like the bull-frog wail and croak, nor like the serpent hiss,
But act with frankness, candor, with impartiality.
Begirt with deictic intent, aye, with pure veracity.

As when a traveller starts upon a journey o'er strange land,
Yet knows not 'pon it that there lurk beast, viper, thug, brigand,

That in his path are horrors that cannot be overcome,
Awaiting avidly their prey with glearèd eyes and glum;
E'en thus to venture 'pon a scheme extravagant and wild,
Nourished with hatred, envy and impracticable styled,
Will meet with dire demolishment and inculcate dismay,
Dissatisfaction, feud, and to dissension pave the way.

As when a traveller night-o'ertaken, lost upon a moor,
Looks round for covert, sees a light, alas, a snare, a lure,
For 'tis the Will-o'-the-wisp that hovers 'bove the humid ground,
The legendary twilight elf searched-for but never found,
Approaches it, and follows it, and even follows still,
Till lured on to calamity and ruin 'gainst his will;
Even so are those bewildered few, who think they see
A light ahead in Socialism, ah, illusory!
A Will-o'-the-Wisp but dancing o'er the clammy, oozy ground;
And just as certain as they follow, like the scenting hound,
Projecting schemes, prestigious, as shallow as a pool,
Discarding light, dismantling truth, using mankind as a tool,
Calamity will overtake them, ruin, demolishment,
And plunge them deep in sinking bogs, a punishment self-sent.

If affluent a man become aft many years of work,
Aft year of constant striving, known his duty ne'er to shirk,
The man deserves his recompense, the guerdon of his toil,
Despite anathemas, begrudgements, that would fain despoil
The outcome of his many years of deft sedulity,
To share it with the undeserving, shiftless, dastardly.
To work for merely work's own sake without due recompense,
To labor hard for naught, and at the body's great expense,
To sweat and toil and drudge and moil without the just reward,
Without the something earned, to its entitled one restored,
Will lead to laziness and languor, men would duty shirk,
And gone would be the impetus to faithful, honest work;
Aye, it would lead to lassitude, to vitiating ease,
To doggèd sloth and unconcern, to "doing-as-I-please."
For, to insure good, honest work, reward must shine ahead,
Substantial guerdon, and not to be merely clothed and fed;
The impetus to faithful labor, is a just reward,
Warm incitation, stimulus, that cannot be ignored,
And if the sole remuneration be but drink, and bread,
Mere raiment, mere amusement, self to sate, and be well-fed,
Foul slothfulness, and laziness would waft an atmosphere
Of enervation and stagnation, which would deep inhere.
Quotidian reveille to labor with alacrity,
Would change to doggèd unconcern, by slow but sure degree.
Dædalian skill would be impaired, balked and discountenanced,
Invention would disparaged be, as though 't had not advanced,

To where it has, and further efforts, trials, to invent
Still newer things would be discouraged, into pieces rent.
Aye, learning e'en would be retarded, education checked,
The pure, ennobled search for things be thrown adown direct,
Aye, morals would polluted be, defiled, perhaps blasphemed.
And civilization's current, that with coruscations gleamed,
Would be retarded, checked, impeded, in its onward course,
As when Inertia moves for aye till checked by impressed force.
Brotherhood and Love-thy-neighbor cannot be inspired
By Socialism, Politics, or some such bauble hired.
But only by the hallowed teachings of Religion's calm,
By relegating, sanguinary lust, and hateful qualm,
By banishing the animose and spiteful throes of hate,
By opening Philosophy's or true Religion's gate.
Humane emotions may in each be e'en so deep imbued,
And solicitude for one another in each bosom brood,
That the affluent will help the poor, assist them in their needs,
Administer to their wants, in kind and philanthropic deeds,
And those possessed of health, assist the ill and comfort bring,
The strong protect the weak, the happy soothe the sorrowing,
And each be loving, kind, each other's benefactor be,
And heed the precept, "Aid thy neighbor in adversity."
A truce to grudges termagant, because the rich are rich,
And vilipend, despise, contemn, and grumble, long-for, itch.
For know that there are vaster treasures, costlier indeed,
Than drossy money, what it gives, which men so closely heed.
Aye, treasures which attach to those who thirst for higher things,
Who cast aside the chrysalis and rise on learning's wings;
Aye, there are many things beyond pecuniary crust,
Which are at variance with thirst for gold and money-lust,
Aye, many things beyond, which with it do not match, agree,
Repellent as the negal pole or oil upon the sea,
In this respect man ramifies in three secluded roads,
Accepting as their documentals three respective codes.
First those who are dissatisfied with what they have, and own,
And thirst for more and more and more, like the miser when alone,
And all through life endeavor to increase their bulgy wealth,
By fair or foul, by straight or crookèd, or by any stealth.
And, second, those who satisfied with what they are possessed,
Live in enjoyments of its temporalities, expressed,
In all their ways and actions, in their whims and outer mien,
Still loving it for what it gives, though not so warm and keen.
And third, those who detest mere glittering money, what it gives,
Feeling there are nobler things for Man who merely lives
His measured span of life but once upon wee pendent earth,
Aye, things more serious and profound than merriment and mirth.

The first are th' unenlightenèd, and, the second mass,
The becoming-enlightened, and the third kind, the enlightened class.

Aye, Man is free and equal born, entitled to such rights,
Each 'pon the self-same footing, each beset by similar plights,
But wouldst thou for one moment's space ignore the difference,
Between the cultured man and brute, and shout "equivalence."
Between the man refined, and him the low unfeeling brute,
Who lacks one tie of being a beast, that of not being hirsute.
Look, look you, there, there walks the man, reflective, good, refined,
Frank, open, just, and warmly sympathetic, mannered, kind,
And look but there, there walks the man beflushed, vulgar, and vile,
Immund, unfeeling, brutish, gruff, with a leer meant for a smile.
Seest thou no difference, seest thou not criterion as great,
As a fetid tarn from a limpid lake, a man from a reprobate?
Seest thou not the segregated plane 'pon which each lives,
The dissidence between their stations wholly non-relative?
Seest thou not the inclined plane 'pon a level firmly put,
The man upon its summit, and the cudgeon at its foot.
Aye, man is free and equal born, entitled to such rights,
As impartial governing faction doles to free and equal wights;
Yet there's a gulfy difference 'tween the low-bred and refined,
A heterogeneous segregation of another kind;
Wouldst thou presume to overlook the distance stretching 'tween,
As well pretend to overlook black filth from what is clean,
Seest thou no difference in yon bloated bloodshot countenance,
And in yon open features with their pure and earnest glance,
Seest thou no difference in yon ribald, vile, immoral brogue,
Bespeaking in a lowly argot, nothing but the rogue,
And in yon cultured meaning speech possessed of dignity,
That gently finds its way in tone when spoken thoughtfully.
Dost wonder why a subtle loathing rises from within,
When forced to mingle with a foul-mouthed lot, submerged in sin,
Dost wonder why repugnance fills the breast, and true contempt,
From which the most conciliatory do not feel exempt,
Dost wonder why a longing fills the bosom innerly,
And from their mongrel, vile-bred presence, to be clear and free,
It is because thou livest in another element,
As distant as the ground is from the starry firmament,
Which education, culture, and thy selfhood have performed,
With zephyrs of sweet Christian precepts sweetened and o'erwarmed.

Whether in the broad employ of Capitalist or not,
To moil for sustenance is Man's inevitable lot,
Whether within the city's pale or praedial vicinage,
Manufacture, agriculture, business, carucage,

Why rant with hue and cry against th' employing Capitalist,
Can ye not see reality and pierce the mantling mists,
That cover o'er prevaricating promises, which are
Mere promises and nothing more, not near, but ah so far,
Aye far off in the hazy realm of impossibility,
Mere abracadabra launched upon an artificial sea;
Seest thou not that Capitalists there will be, e'en if such
Vain propaganda be adopted, which, with Tantalus-clutch,
Will hord, manipulate, control, deny and manumit,
Apportioning such dribs and drabs as they themselves think fit.
For while they loud disclaim and trample on authority,
In voice and mien, in gesture, cry "Controllers, they are we!"
Knowledge being the inborn yearning of the civilized man,
And being on the onward roadway cross its infinite span,
That knows no end, but spreads and spreads and spreads like the spacial sky,
As Mankind culls the wond'rous flowers as he painfully trudges by,
With the spread of knowledge all the peopled wide-world o'er,
When every kind and class will enter and its realms explore,
When education will become the wealth of each and all,
When past the Dark of ignorance and clomb the bigot's Wall,
E'en then, will every vestige of the Socialistic creed,
Vanish and uprooted be, as the swain uproots a weed,
Vanish as the laden mist when it hangs upon the air,
Extinct as an old volcano when it can no longer glare;
For then will man behold things more important, aye, by far,
Than squibbles, squabbles, quibbles, quabbles, that conserve to mar
The bland serenity of life, peace, amity, content,
And the virtues that make humans kind, and benevolent.

If thou wouldst have Utopia, 't must be as things are now,
With Government as the guiding force, to which all men should bow;
In cordial acquiescence that 'tis working for their gains,
For Authority there must be, that must guide and hold the reins;
Aye, love-thy-neighbor can be inculcated as things are,
With th' existent state of affairs, no obstacle to mar,
And "love thy neighbor" merge into the "help thy neighbor" creed,
To aid, assist each other, and all woes and wants to heed.
For, bear in mind though education, culture, and refine,
Human Nature like a crater hid, without a sign,
Of premonition will burst forth and show its every side,
Though 'neath the stolid aspect of indifference it hide.
Wouldst thou have Utopia, 't must be as things are now,
As easy done as said, for every manly man knows how;
Knows how, nay more, he can show how, if he but merely try,
And to the high, uplifting task his nobler self apply;

The task is plain, "be good, be kind, be generous in heart,
Be lovable, and affable, and soothe, the pangs that smart
Thy neighbor in distress and woe; in hours of misery,
Doing thine utmost to console and aid in adversity!
Be gentle, righteous, honest, upright, principally sincere,
And flout all parsimonious evils; pay a listening ear
To troublous woes, that harrass, like the surf, the woes of men!"
Then wilt thou have Utopia, yea, then, and only then.

Why, why such hubbub over metal mouldering in dirt,
Deposit mere of hardened crust with which the earth's begirt,
Howling, croaking, yelping, growling, like a pack of hounds,
Bedeafening air with testy wrangling of Babelian sounds;
Why will ye altercate, and rage, and imprecate, and foam,
Like the wild, contentious, factions of Tiberius of Rome?
Like the Terrorists that slaughtered, like the Ghibbelline and Guelf?
Like the hordes of ruthless Scalinger, like Alaric himself?
Over earthfound metal, tinsel, worth as so much dross,
Mere scoria and earthy crust possessed of sickly gloss.
Look up, look down, look here, look there, aside and all around,
'Pon the dangers that confront ye, from the sky, the air, the ground,
'Pon the dangers that surround ye, like ten thousand cormorant kites,
From the bowels of earth, from the depths of space, from yon vast and astral heights!
Oh, realize how frail is life, how frail the ligament,
That separates wee life from death, how easily snapped and bent,
Oh, realize how wee, and motelike in this tiny earth,
And ye upon it just as much as teeny atoms worth,
Oh, realize, become aware, that there is something high'r,
Above, beyond, this specky bolus toward which to aspire,
Above, beyond, these temporal slashings, that engross and kill,
The very soul that fain would grow, but which its cravings still;
Then will ye bid adieu to grudges, animosity,
Invidious ire, and envious looks, and fiend malignancy.

Speculation is an evil fraught with virulence,
A gamble carried on at the community's expense,
A prurient desire for gain, dependent mere 'pon luck,
'Pon chance arousing desperateness, and dogged hectic pluck,
The cause of wide impoverishment depressing commerce, trade,
Berobbing people of their savings; easy to evade,
But which the unappeased man will court, until o'erpowered,
As Pompey courted Cleopatra, and became a coward.
Wonder not, surmise not, in endeavoring to disclose
The cause of trade depression, and the poverty of those
Who once were comfortable in means, but suddenly have grown
Impoverished and penniless, perhaps in debit thrown,

The cause is wholesale speculation, growing in 't a vice,
Tenfold more fortuitous than the throwing of the dice.
To ameliorate his situation, speculate, will men
More or less, and if he fails will speculate again;
Aye, but to speculate a fortune 'pon a lottery,
Will make one rich but plunge a thousand into poverty.
Wonder not nor stand agape with hands akimbo placed,
Trying to fathom the reason why; the cause is clearly traced.
Cease, cease to speculate with desperation wolverine,
Staking fortune, happiness, defiant as Cataline.
Contemplating empty riches, pelf and luxury,
Ejaculating "swimming wealth" or "downright penury!"
T' eradicate entirely the pecuniary lust,
Of speculation, is impossible, 't can never rust,
For the desire to reap reward for nothing in return,
Thou plainly mayest here, and there, and everywhere discern,
For 'tis a part of human nature, a concomitant,
T' improve one's own condition, walking up the tensile slant,
That threatens to precipitate in ruin or success,
Unscrupling if 'tis 'pon another's foothold to transgress;
But flout th' enormous gambling where 'tis either win or fall,
Down, down, the depths of utter ruin, bitter, peppery gall;
For, once to taste of Fortune, then to be of all deprived,
Is doubly poignant and takes long indeed to be revived.

Immoderately jeopardizing wealth on lottery,
Affects not only those who lose, but the community,
And many in the broad employ of those who risked and lost,
Are out of labor thrown and 'pon the sea of worry tossed,
Striking, like a breaker strikes a huge adjacent rock,
Gambler, employer, and employed, all tumbling in a flock.

Wouldst thou indeed give palliatives economically,
To poor and scant-pursed people, who would save in poverty?
Then reduce the tariff 'pon such stuffs as savor of clothes and food.
'Pon such commodities as life's necessities include.
Reduce the tax 'pon things which every layman needs to live,
'Twill act as so much balm upon a wound, a palliative.
Reduce the land-taxation, that the purchaser of land,
Might solicit from the rentee, a conservative demand,
Reduce the property-tax that he who owns some property,
Might lower the rents to benefit the poor community:
Hence, lowered rents and cheapened foods, will throw the burden down,
And benefit the poor in every city, village, and town.

The curse conducive to a host of rampant devilry,
Is like a murrain growing flagrant, sheer monopoly,
Monopoly, it is a practice, base, malign, and low,

The gist of which is to behold enormous fortune grow,
Unheedful of the penury and hunger prevalent,
So long as swells the fattening burse, a greedy sentiment,
It is the cause of many evils, gnawing, near and far,
A host of sharks about a sailor clinging to a spar,
The incitation to the parsimoniousness of men,
Avoidable, yet courted, now eschewed, now sought again.
Digne of the wolf, that drinking up-stream blamed the trembling lamb,
For muddling its water, and devoured it 'neath a lie and sham.
It is the money frenzy that engrosses energy,
To reap in profits irrespective of the misery;
It cries exultingly, "wouldst eat, then pay what we demand,
Forth with the coin that we require, or hungrily disband!"
It cries in triumph, "wouldst be clothed, then pay th' imposèd price,
Transfer thy scanty earnings to our pouches we entice!"
It cries with flourishes "wouldst ride, then pay our asked-for charge
Down with the glittering mint-cast coinage, be it small or large!"
Yea, this is called monopoly, the charlatan that sways
The wondering people, over whom there rest a magic haze.
Inhale, and blow with one accord away this mist-white cloud,
That hovers not above, but all around, th' inveigled crowd.
And 't needs no strength to dissipate the fine transparent mist,
If men but vindicate their rights to honestly subsist,
The incentive to monoply is greed, and money-lust,
Avarice that tumbles prone, head foremost in the dust,
In its purblind desire to reap th' inanities of wealth,
One purpose, one desire, one quest, to be gained at any stealth.
Aroint thee with monopoly, the cause of many wrongs,
Intestine, economic, barbed and shaped with needle-prongs.
Relegate it to the realm of mere chicanery,
'Tis worthy of the man whose stigma is dishonesty.
Inspired by selfish motives, cruel, egoistic greed,
Regardless if the duped are stripped of all, a meanly deed.
That bears a strong resemblance to that term yclept by law,
"Grand larceny," the penalties of which no longer awe,
Aroused by avaricious lust to see the coffers fill,
At the expense of those who have to struggle up life's hill.

Pecunial preoccupations are the lot of all,
The retroversion of the mind 'pon matters, that recall
The fact that life needs sustenance to prosper and exist,
Preoccupying the minds of those who must 'pon food subsist.
But to be submerged beneath the flood of gain and money-lust,
To swink and moil for more and more to gloat o'er shining crust,
Means to be plungèd in a swound as murky as a bog,
Living this life, 'tis true, but 'neath an all-concealing fog,

Desire of making money for the sake of making it,
And the desire for learning, knowledge, do not agree, or fit;
Money lust and thirst for knowledge are at variance,
As opposite as economy to wide extravagance.

Ah, hast thou heard the fable of the whining dog and bone,
Who, spying his reflection snapped in greed, but lost his own?
E'en so wilt thou lose all thy savings as the dog his meal,
If thou wilt gamble 'pon precarious prospects, and unreal.
E'en so wilt thou lose what thou hast, and be of all bereft,
Titubating 'pon the brink of ruin, with what is left.
When Mistress Hubbard went to fetch her hungry dog a bone,
The cupboard was bare and so the dog stood by to whine and moan.
So wilt thou whine, lament and grieve when with one sudden swoop,
The Cyclone Gambling rushes by, thou left the dazèd dupe.
There is a weird phenomenon upon Sahara's plane,
Which rises from the parching sand as welcome as sweet rain,
When luscious landscape breaks upon the throat-parched traveller's view,
With trees and hills and limpid lake, and grass with sparkling dew,
But, ah, alas! 'tis merely mirage, false and spurious,
Deceptive as a sun-formed island, and diaphanous;
Such is the image that thou see'st, when staking all thy wealth,
To be as quickly dissipated, telling 'pon thy health.

What makes a slummy, huddling city but a squalid tarn,
Compared to which in cleanliness, a mansion is the barn,
Is it poverty, the cause of competition? nay,
Nor is it that which rises upon mingling in the fray
Of "doing nothing," want soon poking his head in at the door,
And using up the larder as the racoon its wintry store.
'Tis laziness and habitude, and total indifferency,
On the part of th' individual to rise from fetidity.
A heedlessness and "I don't care" unworthy of the brute,
For a dog or cat will brush away accumulated soot,
A leopard will stroke its spotted fur, as will a grizzly bear,
The caribou its coat, the tiger lap its fibrous hair,
The condor prune its feathers, and arrange them all in rows,
The pigeons bathe and ruff themselves, the vultures and the crows.

Aye, aye, though poor thou canst be clean, and cleanly e'en though poor,
Despite the fact that there are many sufferings to endure.
Agreed that Penury means thriving in a tight-pinched state,
That takes account of every shred and crumb to relegate
Starvation, cold, and raggedness, far from the rickety door,

And horde up for a hard-pressed hour as the squirrel its store.
But may not cleanliness be heeded, practiced and observed,
In spite of penury and not to have relaxed or swerved,
A jot from the path of rigid foresight in economy,
And be estranged to filth, uncleanliness, and slobbery;
Yea, cleanliness the antidote to squalid swinishness,
Be it face or feature, or accoutrement, or dress.
The garment may be threadbare, true, but may it not be clean,
The person, face and feature cleanly, e'en though wan and lean.
Is poverty the cause of filth, squalid fedidity?
Is dirtiness and pigishness brought on by penury?
Nay, nay, 'tis not the scanty means, hunger, or threadbare tog,
But 'tis a natal tendency and nature of the hog,
A born concomitant in straight alliance with the pig,
That takes to squalid filth as to the air a leaf-grown twig.
A natural tendency in some whose element is dirt,
Who, being laved and scrubbed, will to their former state revert,
Unconsciousness of the difference 'tween filth and cleanliness,
In body, feature, speech or language, clothes or outer dress.

One of the greatest farces of modern times is Monarchy,
The non-electioneering and the self-claimed potency
Of sitting 'pon a gilded throne, with sanction of the mass,
With ermine robes, with crown, and scepter, jewels that surpass
The fortunes of a group of towns, yet more, gay, pomp and court,
With titled dubbed courtiers, where all th' elite of power consort.
Power, aye, whether it be in wealth or prestige recognized,
All paying deference to a so-called "majesty" disguised
In th' atmosphere of lavish pomp, and sumptuous finery,
Boosted up, sustained, supported by the community.
The community indeed! who war and struggle to the death,
In fierce fracas, in bloody feud, all panting, out of breath,
T' insure the equality and freedom of all men, without
Distinction 'tween the noble, magnate, merchant-man or clout,
Contending with keen, trenchant swords in politics, the claim
For justful laws and equal rights, that "all men are the same."
Yet forthwith paying homage to a monarch, or a chief,
Alas! a sire who nowaday doth tremble like a leaf,
For fear of some assassination or the whims of men,
Now that democratic notions rise again and again;
Monarchy it is a hoax! a fraud to be outspoke,
And nowaday a glaring farce, a keen and bitter joke.
Here they shout amain, conclaving, framing law and code,
"Equality!" a common trait no longer, an episode.
And there they set them up a monarch, garbing him with wealth,
Yet attaching strings on to his person, knotted on with stealth,

And pulling the strings—up go his arms, and legs, a puppet, yea,
A Figurehead encased in glass; for admission thou must pay.

'Tis true there are some nations where a monarch holds the reins,
And tugs and pulls at the nation's bit, that champs, rebels, and strains;
But where such sire doth wield the sword of Jove-like right of kings,
Discontent, rebellion, stalks; it revolution brings.
Rebellious factions which contend against the monarchy,
Denying to one common man the sole authority,
Perceiving how absurd to bow down to a common man,
Who has the power to strike, proclaim, and execute, and ban.
That the Middle Ages had their monarchies is irrelevant,
For then the peasant was oppressed, with naught to do but pant,
Beneath th' unjust oppression as e'en did the nobility,
When Feudalism reigned supreme and all had had t' agree,
To what the codger higher up proclaimed, a broadening string
From serf to yeoman, and from baron, to the mighty king.

Speak ye of Democracy, with monarchy in the van?
Are ye now an Indian tribe, a Hun, or Scottish clan,
That ye have need of one, a chief, to lead ye on to war,
That ye have need of kings, ensconced in palaces galore.
Need ye kings to make your laws, to frame your penal bills,
To beat a tatoo 'pon your shields, with sanguinary thrills.
Need ye a king to wave a scepter, and whose word is law,
Sending men to man the galleys once in his bearish claw?

Democracy will fall, if men will hypocritic stand,
Now kissing the feet of kings, now crying "freedom o'er the land!"
Who makes the laws? the king, or doth the legislature frame
Such laws, at the people's sanction, who propose, and pass, and claim,
Such bills, and codes, proposed by representatives, who are
The people's choice, the people say, and with them on a par!
Monarchy in one corner, and Democracy beyond,
Playing hide-and-seek, like polywogs on a swampy pond!
But bear in mind, democracy does not mean Anarchy,
And neither Socialism; from this dross ' tis wholly free.
It does not mean a levelling down of governments and laws.
And bloody assassinations once within their gory claws,
'Tis wholly free from such insinuation, aye, by far,
Such institutions, like a vessel 'pon a harbor's bar;
But Monarchy! it is a hoax, a farce, which is absurd,
A domineering of a wolf over a sheepkin herd,
Avaunt with it! if thou wouldst truly possess democracy,

Both institutions cannot last, they cannot both agree.
Revolutions, insurrections have been fought and won,
With bloody saber, pike, and torch, and cannonry, and gun,
Due to staunch democracy that nowaday sits high,
Upon a self-made throne, hurling challenge and defy.

Monarchy! that blasted farce enacted 'pon a stage,
Supported by the populace, with glittering equipage,
Supported, boosted, bolstered up, like Atlas bolst'ring the world,
By popular consent, upon their shoulders all unfurled.

Ye shout: "Each man is free and equal," and with trenchant blade,
Ye hack and hew in curdling carnage, wrest, destroy, invade,
To demonstrate that such a standard, such a cry is meant,
In earnest; and will be maintained, installed, made prevalent.
Ye rise up in rebellion and ye handle torch and sword,
Throw up high barricades, dig wide intrenchments, erect the board,
Where guillotines and gallows flourish, nourished by the throngs
That Revolution feeds upon, or clapped in prison-thongs.
Ye meet, conclave, assemble, delegate, and rendezvous,
With Congresses and Parliaments, and bodies ever new,
As Duma, National Assembly and States General,
Dating e'en as far aback as the Roman Lupercal.
And yet with acquiescence, give a slavish full consent,
To set a man upon a guilded throne; belulled, content,
To set a man, mere rotten clay, upon a pompous throne,
With scepter clutched in one hand, and upon the other grown
A signet-ring, and 'pon the head a crown of jewels and gems,
And 'pon the person ermine robes, and coughings and ahems;
A palace to reside in, and a weighty purse of gold,
A nomen given, "sire," "your majesty," bowed to, extolled;
A batch of titled princes, who, when majesty holds court,
Assemble; ladies, sirs, and highness, proud with royal port,
And then the feasts, and dinners, junkets, repartees galore,
Where laymen are tabooed, prohibited, with tight-shut door;
Where laymen must peer through the windows from the cold outside,
Like cold and shuddering wanderers who have no place to hide.
And then Society's etiquette, with "tit" returned for "tat,"
Debuts, and dances, visitings; now this, and now athat.

"Each man is free and equal born!" it does not sound as much,
When things transpire in such a fashion; not when times are such;
"Each man is free and equal," hear the pass-word passed around,
And now but gaze upon that farce, enacted 'pon earth's ground,
A Farce! bowed-to, scraped-to, with wide and popular consent,

Boosted up, and held aloft and deemèd exigent.
A farce, where the actors strut about like roosters on the sward,
With heads a-bobbing back and forth, and ribbons and belted sword.
With bowings-down to one another, kissings of the hand,
Genuflections, kneelings, bendings, nice, elite, and bland.

Do ye call this *Democracy!* Equality of Men?
Do ye call this enlightenment, with shouts again and again?
"That men are free and equal born," breathed o'er by Freedom's breath,
To gain which coveted guerdon, men have struggled to the death.

A farce? ha, where ferine fracas for claim upon the throne
Ensue; when passes 'way a sovereign, when the seeming drone
Who, having eyed with envious look the kingship all along,
Flares up into a conflagration; bolstered by a throng
Of close adherents—then ensues a war, a civil strife,
For sole possession of the throne, with heavy toll of life.
With claimants, sleek pretenders, all arisen in a day,
Fighting, scrambling, slaughtering, shambling, ta'en up with the fray,
Of gaining scepter, crown and jewels, signet, ermine robes,
Attention, flattery, money, power, transpassing e'en the globe's.
When internecine turmoil casts the country into throes,
Until the throne is gained by force, and o'er the people's woes.

Or giving full permission to a wight t' ascend the throne,
With fat, lethargic acquiescence of the torrid zone,
Full permission to a piece of rotting dirt, to don
In turn the crown, the ermine and to put the signet on.

Do ye call this equality, and liberty to boot,
Provoking men to controversial argument and moot?
With French revolutions and rebellions, rending to the core,
With smouldering embers waiting but the clarion call of war,
To throw aside monarchic yoke, that gores down to the bone,
Replacing democratic tenets to those of the throne!

Would ye becrown a being, aye, and set him 'pon a throne?
Then be that being a *super* being, not a human drone;
If ye will crown a being, let that being be beyond,
Above, supernal, superhuman, severed from the bond
That binds men down to earthy earth, telluric and terrene;
Above, supernal, superhuman, hallowedly serene!
Would ye becrown a being, aye, and set him 'pon a throne,
Then let that being be transcendent, not of flesh and bone,
Transcendent and with ambient beams of pure celestial bliss,
Infinitive, Vast, Eternal, Hallowed,—to *this* bow, only to *this!*

A nation does not profit by the errors and mistakes
Of an older nation, but goes through its pangs and aches;
A new incipient nation does not profit or gain aught,
From mistakes and errors of an older nation that had fought
Its bloody battles, and its hosts of sin and curdling crime,
Its people all engrossed upon the stirrings of the time,
But peregrinates its snaily creep all ta'en up by itself,
Making the same mistakes and errors, groveling in pelf,
Perdition, perfidy, disaster, murder, war, and sin,
Revolution, bigotry, intrigue, through thick and thin.
For 'tis not one individual who probably would gain
And profit, by pernicious errors, crimes and shameful stain;
By calmly meditating 'pon the acts of times gone by,
Reconnoitering the past, in order to descry
The wrongs and rights the horrors and the farces and the frauds,
Of revolutions, inquisitions, Philips', Louis', Lauds',
And rise up uncontaminate, immaculate, and pure,
From the swill that swirls, like eddies in a fetid sew'r,
But 'tis a host of people who leap forward, dash and plunge,
Into the sea of rapine, war and trample, beat and lunge.
Self interest being the motive shouting loud, "I want my rights."
Now glutted wolves, now fiendish sharks, now carrion-loving kites.
Grumbling and vociferating "I am some one too,
I'm living in this land and am forsooth as good as you."
Self interest and the ego overcoming tenets taught
Travelling in the very rut of those who lived and fought;
Brandishing the sword of murder, pillage and intrigue,
As though a pact with Satan signed, and with his powers in league.
And what, oh pray, is that foul fiend, that devil in the man,
That rouses in him all the fires of hell which naught can ban,
That makes him plunge head foremost into the pit that knows no deep,
Where jagged walls frown terribly, and slimy monsters sleep.
'Tis Human Nature run amuck, and garnered up like grain,
The most destructive weapon that can fell, and blot, and stain.
Aye, iterating time and time again the very sin,
And vitiating acts of eld, its crimes and deafening din.
A helter-skelter thoughtlessness, an impetuosity,
That smacks of humankind through all the acts of history.

What pabulum, what value is derived from History,
That chronicle of past events of men and policy;
Would man be where he is if blank and muffled were the past,
Or of his steady progress has rich history been the blast?
The blast, that, with each sinister event blew loud and clear;
Admonishing the future 'pon its shoals to luff and steer.

History is the vast museum of facts where men will learn
T' imbibe the good and beneficial and the bad to spurn.

Civilization is the outcome of the growing mind,
Depositing the detritus of ignorance behind,
It is the mind-progression from a feral barbarity,
Out of the mud of narrowism and black bigotry,
Into a broader realm, into a higher mental plane,
Progressing steadily with an inevitable gain,
Of mind; and it is bound t' ensue with course of time and thought;
Searching, seeking, prying, peeking, as 't has ever sought.
'Tis as a mountainous Tidal Wave that sweeps across a plain,
Inexorable, terrible, to check which course is vain.
Sweeping 'way debris before it as so many straws;
Progressing with unyielding power, and without a pause,
Uprooting trees, o'erturning rocks, and scooping out great bowls,
Defying earthly intervention, as it onward rolls;
Civilization is this wave; but what has been the cause
That sent it 'pon its landward journey sweeping side the straws?
Christianity! this is the cause, the power and the force,
The impetus, the potency that sent it on its course,
Of expurgation, renovation, intellectual aims,
Scientific impulse, and all powers of higher claims.
This is the cause, the underlying strength, and subtle power,
That missioned it upon its journey at that ebbing hour,
When darkness brooded o'er the earth and ignorance was rife,
And barbarous jargon, groveling quarrels, mingled in the strife.
And as the tidal wave sweeps 'side the litter in its course,
All obstacles that lie like offal with its mighty force,
So Christianity swept 'side with supernatural strength,
The offal rotting in its path until the plain at length
Was purged, and purified, from every stain, and fleck and flaw,
"For Truth, Great Truth, will out, it is a superhuman law."
Civilization verily is Christianity,
They are synonymous as "to exist" implies "to be."
Their diorisms are as "fragrance" is to "redolence,"
The one implies the other in the same effulgent sense.

Christianity! effulgent, glorious, roseate radiancy,
Oh, Heaven itself, celestial in thy magnanimity,
Thine essence is like fragrance from the fields of Asphodel,
Suffusing heaven and earth with glory, aye, and quenching hell
With all its fearful awesome horrors, black with Stygian fears,
That humanly-concocted realm, where Terror grins and leers;
Thine is a gush of nobleness that gently overwhelms,
Illumining the pathway, to those intellectual realms,
Breathing o'er the heart that adage furnishing the clew,
"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."
The basis of all philosophic thought, the beacon-light,

That points the way to metaphysic musings all bedight
In beauteous raiment, firm, intrepid, steady, strong and clear.
Quintessence of all goodness to which humans should adhere!
Wouldst Christianize the world? then go and educate the world,
Wouldst educate the world? then go and Christianize the world,
For Christianizing man is merely educating man,
And educating man is merely Christianizing man.
Education is synoymous with Christianity,
And knowledge is all Christian knowledge from its incipiency.
As when the dawn begins to 'lumine faint the eastern sky,
And all the world still sleeps and glint the watchful stars on high,
Which imperceptibly grows and brightens, spreading, broadening slow,
Inexorable, uncheckable, this radiant roseate glow,
Unstoppable as a mountain wave, that on and onwards speeds,
With the strength and wild velocity of Pegasian steeds;
Until the sky is glorified with dazzling radiant light,
Falling like a silvern shower over earth bedight;
E'en so, does great Christianity spread over, far and wide,
Inexorable, uncheckable, defying, as it has defied,
All squalid obstacles that fain would block the infinite way,
Spreading like that very dawn that glorifies the day;
A light that brings enlightenment, a star that shines fore'er,
Shining to the end of the world, shining everywhere!

PART IV

INTROSPECTIONS

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As clear, transparent, bright and radiant as the light of day,
Is the purpose of this Universe, an onward widening way.

That thou mayst be o'erwhelmed, benumbed, mute, and bestultified,
By this wide, infinite Universe, and flee the truth and hide
Beneath the dirt of Atheism, and its comitants,
Skepticism, Cynicism, questioning askance
With doubting, dry and surly sneers, the stable truth of things,
Is but a human foible, aye, but self-inserted stings.
Why, why, if atramental shadows darken thine own mind,
And dilitesce the light that with small effort thou mayst find,
Why, why, if stupefied by what to thee seems mystery,
Stupendous, and unanswerable, to frail mortality,
Why, why, if ignorant of things, and powerless to know,
The Trend, the Why and Wherefore, that with brilliant colors glow,
Wilt thou take refuge and conceal thyself, far, far beneath,
The skeptic's bog, the cynic's pit, and snarl and show thy teeth,
Like the vicious cur when spoken to, envenomed with dissidence,
Refuting, contradicting, slighting, scoffing, without sense,
Because thine individual conceptions could not grasp,
Nor understand plain evidence, but bite like a poisonous asp.
Admit thine ignorance, and thine inaptitude to know,
Those hidden, higher, deeper things, that from a Somewhere flow.

Ah, happy is the man who wends intrepidly and strong,
The path that marks the blessèd way, though it be æons long,
To that pure goal that guides him on, on, onward, like a star,
That guides the ship-wrecked mariner on battered hulk or spar.
On, onward, to that blessed haven which the spirit sees,
With vision clearer than the eagle's, as on bended knees
With clasped hands and beating breast and tremulous with voice,
He turns for refuge, courage, solace (not through whimsy choice
Or predilection, notion, disposition, but through that,

Which stirs, and burns, within his soul, and long hath had to combat
With diabolic viciousness, that festers on all sides,
Like offal glistening on the flats when ebb the waning tides),
To that pure oriflamme of light, celestial as 'tis pure,
And real, aye, real, as Truth is real, and truth must, must endure!
Endure? long aft the loftiest mountains sink to the prairie-base,
Long aft the deepest streams to muddy crevices give place,
Long aft the oceans dry, long aft the sea devours the land,
Long aft the planets are no more, for know and understand,
That Truth is grand, immutable, inexorable and vast,
To all etern eternity, futurity, and past!

Remaining what it has remained the effulgent burst of light,
Defying all the powers combined of Satan's fiery might!

Happy is the man who does not worry o'er the sin,
And folly of his fellowmen interminable din.
That roars and echoes and reechoes like the thunders roll,
Clanging forth its brazen fanfare like a tocsin's toll,
Never quiet, never tranquil, ever strepitant,
Its waves of sound now horizontal, verticle, aslant,
Heard in the daytime like a belfry tolling constantly,
Heard in the nightime like bell afloat on the billowy sea!
Jarring and discordant, rasping, loud, and odious,
Pelfing, swindling, lecherous, flighty, loose, and scurrilous.
Happy is that man who o'er it worries not his soul,
But lets its flood and breaker-waves boom by and onward roll,
Wrapt up in his spirit as he contemplates the Light,
Armed with a suit of mail that can withstand the Devil's might.

To enter into what is called the beauty of a thing,
And feel an ardor rising like a lark upon the wing,
It boots not what it be, or e'en that which it bear upon,
What aspect, purport, or appearance what the garb it don,
Whether it please the eye, the ear, the mind, or thinking brain,
Or whether the understanding, an aesthetic incept gain,
Is to be in full possession of Alladin's lamp,
And things unnoticed heretofore will bear another stamp.

And so through life three kinds of individuals there thrive,
Preoccupied each with his special work to keep alive,
The unappreciative first. the appreciative, next,
And third the warmly appreciative, in feeling ne'er perplexed.
The unreceptive first, the dilletante the second class,
And thirdly the sincere—and all repass and still repass,
The divers paths of life, wherever there is humankind,
In yon throng before thee at thy side and close behind.
Th' apocryphal the first, the superficial coming aft,
And third the genuine; all, like leaves that gentle zephyrs waft,

Adown the grassy glade, live on their lives and tread the road
Horizontal, sinuous or curved like a planet's node.

To argue for the empty sake of merely arguing,
And being controversial for the sake of chattering,
Is to play the fool, the magpie, and the chatterbox,
Which at the slightest touch flies ope', for 't has no keys or locks.

To argue for the sake of being contradictory,
In spite of being in the wrong, yet still will not agree,
Is to play the bigot, aye, the quibbler and the snake,
Which e'en when cornered shows its fangs and will resistance
make.

To argue for the sake of stating truth for what is wrong,
Where arguments unto perception and brain-power belong,
Is to play the thinking man the knower, the thoughtful wight,
Whose palladium is being within the pale of what is right.

'Tis what thou art thyself and not what happed, or went before,
And not who was before, nor where thou hail from, through
what door,
And not what thou presumest to be, nor what thou fain
wouldst be,
But what thou art *thyself,* thyself, which is the importancy.
Avaunt with all thy pedigrees, a bitch-cur has the same,
Avaunt with all thy blatant titles, trademark, brand and claim.
Get hence with thine appendages, affiliations, boasts,
Connections, puffed-up vanities, and their related hosts,
Avaunt with these all, a fig for them, not e'en a pinch of snuff,
Good subterfuge for vanity and pedantry and bluff.
'Tis what thou art thyself, dost hear, thy character, thyself,
Thine inner being, thy selfhood; but go hence with dross and
pelf.
'Tis in thyself where is contained the scoria or gold,
There, it is where worth or cheapness will themselves unfold.
I care not a fig who thy forerunners were, beggars or kings,
Criminals or princes, barons, earls or underlings,
Whether thou come from Afric's plain or Madagascar's wild,
Whether thou art a duke, or cobbler, a sir, or scullion styled.
Thou hast it in thy power to rise to Glory's pinnacle,
Or down to veriest utmost pit of blackness horrible,
Up to Heaven's zenith or adown Hell's nadir, *thou,*
Art the master of thy Fate, the Hereafter and the Now!

Take heart, oh ye oppressed, oh ye besmitten and forlorn,
Take heart if life appears with all its pristine brightness shorn,
For know that it depends 'pon thee to rise up, up, aye rise,
Until thy soul outbroadens, reaching far into the skies,

Depending 'pon thyself to feel that God is great and good,
In Whom all that is nobler gather deeply understood
And felt as with an intuition in the minds of men,
That grows and grows as knowledge broadens, in the human ken.
Take heart, oh ye, who have been taught that God will ye reward,
For doing good and having ever nobler things adored,
For acting in the Christian spirit with sweet consuetude,
Living, speaking, aiding, helping, in life's changing mood,
And disappointed art because it is your destiny,
To taste the acrid grapes of woe and dark adversity.
Take heart, dear ye, for know that life and all its griefs and woes,
Can all be borne with meek submission, when thy spirit knows,
That God is He, the Omniscient, whom thy spirit slow doth tend,
That creation is the evidence of Man's spiritual end,
Then will all bodily ills, all griefs, all woes, all suffering,
Be far less poignant and thy soul will rise on spiritual wings.

Dost think that thou'rt the only one, feeling anguish, woe,
Compelled a host of sorrows, pains and pangs to undergo,
Dost think that thou'rt the only person feeling hunger, cold,
Shivering, shuddering, arrogant, fastidious, and bold?
Dost think that thou'rt the only human feeling dignity,
Pride, egoism, vanity, conceit and jactancy?
Nay, nay, proud thee, the hosts 'pon earth that pass before thine eyes,
Are egotistic e'en as thee, for 'neath them underlies
A numerous host of human foibles, idiosyncracies,
Contained in each and every one, all separate entities,
The natal comitants of human nature, each possessed,
Of foibles that will shout "'Tis I!" when subjected to the test.

A Christian! ah, it is the one word of the human tongue,
That has so wide a meaning, and has like a geyser flung
Aside impeding obstacles that strewed its forward road;
Spreading, spreading, like an incense, sans the prod or goad.
That featured in Mohammedan, and crude Islamic creed,
But spread out like the lumining dawn, and with a similar speed.
It is the one word that contains such wealth of significance,
Such world of meaning, such a depth and height and broad expanse;
Fraught with a mine of diorism nigh inexplicable
Fraught with a treasure of reminiscence, love ineffable.
Ah what a cosmos of recollection throughout history
Is in that single word contained a stirring pageantry!
'Tis as a sweet-toned bell that chimes upon the evening air
Incense-laden and quiescent, fragrance everywhere,
A word much used, but much abused, a word that brings a thrill,

Of inspiration, rapturousness, soft, secretive, and still!
A word that means Philosophy and Science, aye, indeed,
Enlightenment, advancement, progress, unshackled, chainless, freed!

What though there reign serenity and quiet o'er the land,
What though perfection spread its beauty broadwise, soft and bland,
Yet Human Nature, like a shrew, will growl and pick a bone,
Find fault where there is no fault, and in glass houses throw the stone.
As when a hound espies a viper quiet, inert and curled,
Will bark, disturb and perk it with his paw—so wags the world.
Or as when a bumpkin wandering listless suddenly espies
A nest of hornets, stirs it up, then drops his stick and flies.
So human nature picks its bone forever and anon,
Scraping 'mongst the garbage for a bone to pick upon.
Aye, there will always be contentions, contradictions, too,
And disagreements, variance—'tis human through and through.

To conquer illness through an exercise of mental thought,
And exorcise such neural devils as may be inwrought,
Is redolent of truth and can and has been done ere now,
The essential being, predisposing self, *if thou know how;*
But gull thyself not into thinking, that this body's proof
Against disease, or pains; and smartings, can be kept aloof;
For bear in mind that this foul body to disease is prone,
And if thou seek thou'lt find ten-thousand hitherto unknown.
For body is mere festering clod that rots e'en while alive,
Subject to the rampant ills and woes that wrangle, rend, and rive,
But there is such a way of treatment as is contrary,
Averse, and vehemently negal, to that pruriency
Of swallowing drugs, that bring on evil with its dour effects,
Or gulping down concocted potions, that the stomach rejects,
And aggravates the illness with its drug-imbrued result,
Relying 'pon the fears of men, of every land and cult,
Appeasing their credulity with some embittered drug,
Drunk down with brute reliance, be it a crushed or powdered bug.
A noisome lotion, out of such caldron worse than Hecate's,
Designed the illness to alleviate and to appease.

That treatment is the dominance of mental power of Will,
To supervene o'er frailties, doing 'way with drug and pill,
Remaining supermount o'er body, and that steadily,
But being calm, abiding, what the alternative may be,
Thou wilt then feel no pain, no illness, *if thou know but how,*
And to th' inevitable end e'en just as meekly bow;

For he who gulps his drug and prospers, prospers through his Will,
As he who gulps it not, but really, having been both ill.

Look round for a disease and thou wilt find it, rest assured,
For within thy body there, they smoulder safe and snug innured;
Search, pry for a disease, and thou wilt find it, sans a doubt,
The body's nothing but a piece of clod—(go find it out),
If so thou listest, reeking with diseases still unknown,
Replete with neural feculence, down to the marrow-bone.
There's no denying that this flesh is nothing but a host
Of festering putridities, like swamp-lands round a coast.
But why stir up the hornet's nest, why poke the smouldering coals,
Why ope' the wound with a dirty probe, why steer upon the shoals,
Why disturb the basking reptiles, why provoke the snakes,
And let swarm forth a virulence, that shames Pandora's aches?
For as sure as thou dost stir the nest, forth will the hornets swarm,
The embers flame, the wounds rebleed, the reptiles hiss and storm.
Let them rest quiescent, leave the hornets to their nest,
Poke not the coals, touch not the wound, and let the reptiles rest.
There is no overcoming them, subduing, conquering,
Suppressing, or exterminating, there they reign as king,
If such thing were possible, then would the body be
Imperishable, made of stuff other than reality,
Reality! a mass of clod, fraught with a thousand ills,
Which, if thou count will rival the task of counting mountain's rills.
Drugs will not oust them, nay, nor quench them, banish or suppress,
Concoctions, potions, lotions, patent-drinks, to gulp at mess.
There is one remedy that will appease and quiet them,
And 'tis to be submissive (not submissiveness of phlegm,
But sensible of their mastery, cognizant, apprised,
Or their fatidic dominance, though hidden and disguised),
To be resigned, meek, and abiding, and with an inner force,
Quieting, forgetting, soothing, and to have resource,
To Will linked with a strenuous mental effort, and resolve,
To be insensible to aches, though pain it doth involve.
This, this, no so-called healer can do, quack and charlatan,
Who goes parading quackery and lie 'neath justice-ban,
Because thy so-called healer, with a doltish ignorance,
Denies the existence of disease, nor questions it askance,
But turns a deaf ear to reality and cheats himself,
And they who are to profit by it,—thus enriched with pelf.
This body, like a festering cesspool with diseases swarms,

But through thine own determination canst thou weather its storms;
With resolution and thy will power must thou overcome,
And conquer, if 't be conquerable, for the total sum
Of this frail flesh, is but a heart that beats precariously,
And stop this frail pulsation—life's no more t' eternity.
Yet be the illness of intensest form to him who knows
Himself, this illness is as nil, he feels it not, as grows
And grows his resolution, flanked with inner soulful power,
Until his selfhood lifts itself, and seems o'er body to tower.
Aye, with an effort can he plunge his hand into the flame,
And feel it not, into the boiling caldron, or his frame
Be tortured as in times of eld, and rest insensible,
Merely through the summoning-up of all-enduring Will.
'Tis mockery to deny that body is to feeling prone.
'Tis foolish to gainsay that pangs accrue to flesh and bone,
For body is replete with nerves that instantly convey
A sensibility to pain which nothing can withstay.
But this consciousness of pain is lessened and made nil,
When Mind, Determination, face it, fortified with Will.

Force not a man to what he is not prone and unadapt,
To what his being counterbells, to what he is inapt,
Force not a man to something which he libels and dislikes,
'Tis just as feebly counteractant as the Holland dykes,
Which ta'en away, in, in, will flood the mighty ocean's sweep,
Asserting its quondam prestige as the ruler of the deep,
Force not a man to something which his nature hates, contemns,
'Tis a row-boat pulling 'gainst a current which it vainly stems,
If a man be self-assertive, hands off, let him have his way,
Nor shake thy head, nor mutter, earth was not made in a day;
If he cast off the shackles that bepin him to the spot,
And runs from off the beaten track, it is his destined lot.
Nor rant, or curse, or sigh, or sneer with sinister remarks,
Remember, a chicken's wings are useless but not so a lark's.
If he be self-determinate, stamp him not assinine,
The arbutus trails along the ground, not so a clambering vine.
Thou mayst like a savory dish which others may detest,
Thy palate's not the sole to judge which dishes are the best.
Thou mayst propitiate a habit suited to thy taste,
Which were another one to wear would make him feel disgraced.
Thy judgment, stinted, stunted, by inaptitude to see
Another's turn of mind, is not esteemed at all decree.
Thy judgment, reached by supposition, from thy point of view,
Has naught in common with another's, his is purely new,
A man is he who cries away with these accoutrements,
That rob me of my freedom at my yearning soul's expense.
That hampers me from doing what my thinking self enjoins,
That force me as the felon's forced into four narrow coigns,
That make me contradict a will, felt somewhere in my soul,

To reach, strive, struggle, win and gain, my deep ambition's goal.
Assert thyself and scruple not, and pave thy way alone!
Alas! it is a rare event; men are phlegmatic grown;
Be not the sloth that gapes and wonders why there is a ground,
Surveying space, the earth, the air, as if with cordage bound.
The ground is here to walk upon with shoulders, head erect.
Then tread it with determined step, 'tis time thou dost suspect,
That ten thousand times 'tis nobler, to have trod the road
Which Conscience, Selfhood, Thought, have sanctioned; this is thy abode;
Than to have sulked the beaten track with daggers at thy throat,
Emerging wan and bleeding with a torn and brambled coat;
Just as sure as thou dost tread this path against thine inner will,
So sure wilt thou be stigmatized with failure, all for nil,
But, just as sure as thou dost tread the pathway of thy choice,
So sure wilt thou be branded with success and deep rejoice.
Oh, if thou hast a mind, then know thyself, act in accord!
And show that thou 'rt a man undo the closely gripping cord,
That binds thee as a dog is bound, gripping thy collared nape,
As the organ-grinder with his leathern leader grips his ape,
And do what thou through intuition knowest is best for thee,
And shout as they of eld have shouted, death or liberty!

To acquiesce to what the many others have to say,
Without considering, pausing, thinking, though like an ass they bray,
Is to play the parrot, aye, the monkey, and the ape,
That pantomine, repeat, and nod, and shriek and bow, and scrape.
To acquiesce despite correctness, contrariety,
Because of winning influence, and popularity,
Is to play the ignoramus, the weakling, and the fool,
Who notwithstanding disagreement, acts the others' tool.
To acquiesce in spite of thought correctly contrary,
Because compelled, coerced, and forced to forcibly agree,
Is to play the coward, aye, the dastard, and the dog,
That shrink becowed and menial, when 'tis time to whip and flog.

Thou mayst lead a horse to water but thou canst not make him drink,
Though thou tug and swear and plug and flare upon the water's brink.
E'en so, and even so, it is with bigots who have been,
Through life but bigots, merely bigots, aye, a self-wrought sin.
For when led on with kindliness, on to the brink of Light,
They will not drink of its glorious truth, but will recoil in flight.
Though thou urge and remonstrate, and weep and plead and demonstrate.
Thy soul aglow, thy bosom heaving with the every trait
Of a thinking mind, and Christian soul, and widened intellect,
That fain would ask the bigot but to reason and reflect,
And ratiocinate, and peer, here, there, and everywhere,

Until of his own accord he drinks the Truth if he but care.
Yet there is another kind of horse, a stupid, balky, steed,
That thou canst not even to the water urge, or prod or lead,
That will not budge a paltry step but planted will remain,
E'en thirsty as a throat-parched cur though tug thou mayest amain.
E'en so it is with the life-long bigot, groping in the dark,
Vermiculating like an earth-worm in a rottening bark,
Who will not be led on to Light, though with a thirst-parched throat,
O'ercovered like the mud-fall'n snail, with an argillaceous coat.

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,
And heed this Christian precept, let it deep and long imbrue
Thy selfhood with the generosity which it implies,
Wearing the garb of kindness; 'tis a far much nobler guise.
Let thy full heart flow out in kindness, and in charity,
Give, give, to help and succor those whose days are misery.
For remember if thou showest with unflagging earnestness
That thou art truly solicitous for people in distress,
Then even he who could not thank for what he had received,
Will learn to thank and be most grateful, partially retrieved
For a beast of the field will lick the hand of him who gave it food,
And learn to like its master and e'en feel a gratitude.
Hence be as kind and generous as liberal as thou canst,
And aid the one who needs thine aid, thy world will be enhanced.
With the inner feeling of having done a kindly, goodly deed,
And that with sweet sincerity, to him who was in need.
Yet be not 'neath the wrong impression that that goodly turn
Is anywise exalted, 'cause thou didst not shun and spurn
The unfortunate; it is an act of kindness which should be,
Regarded as a common Christian deed when at the plea,
For bread and drink thou givest what thy larder doth permit;
For place thyself in the same position—and thou 'lt practice it.
If e'er thou knewest what it is to starve, aye, and to thirst,
Then wouldst thou give, though be it to a criminal the worst.
And he who really hungers will not ask for coin, but food;
Ah! 'tis a state appreciated by him who knows the mood!

Mock and grimace, smile and jest, and forth with thy host of puns,
And wield about with fierceness of a Tartar's or a Hun's,
It is as a flurry of dust filled wind that strikes a mountain peak,
That stands intrepid, grand, ennobled beauteous and meek;
But reality sweet, infinite source of assuage for the soul,
Will out as Truth. Oh, blissful fountain, when thy billows roll,
As when upon a sultry summer's eve a gentle breeze
Brings sweet relief, as 't fans the face, blowing from off the seas,

As when aft days and days traversing naught but desert land,
A Paradise bursts 'pon the vision, placid pure and grand,
As when aft months in fetid darkness Stygian, wild, dank night,
The blackness lifts, and lifts, until a beauteous celestial light,
Greets the vision, radiant with breathless seraphic bliss,
Whilst slumbrous harmony seems soft the fragrant air to kiss,
E'en so doth thou Reality burst 'pon the yearning soul,
Aft' years of searchings, inner questionings, until the roll
Of Truth's grand thunder breaks upon the ears, a speaking Voice!
Oh, Soul, Oh Spirit, drink, drink, drink! oh, thank, imbibe, rejoice!

And why to tremble lest the Cynic havoc raise and din,
Truth will ever out, and purity rise over sin;
The jarring chord displeases for the inst and is submerged
Amid the flood of harmony that surges as it hath surged.
That jarring chord is lost when its reverberations cease
And once more reigns seraphic, sweet tranquillity and peace;
Peace redolent of truth, and thought, filled with felicity,
Suffusing through the balmy air a soulful privacy.

Th' exception to all things, to everything, Hereaft' and Here,
Be it scientific, philosophic, drawing near
To psychologic, be it earthly, be it heavenly,
Be it corporal, physical, be it mentality:
Rules, inflexible, undeviating, may exist,
Laws, immutable, inscrutable, whate'er thou list:

Th' exception to thine every rule, to each and every law,
The That which cannot be approached, accroached, reproached with flaw,
The That which stands, fore'er and e'er, to all Eternity,
Effulgent, glorified, divine, flamboyant, heavenly;
Is Spirit, Truth, Reality, the pure celestial Light,
Seen through the broadening vista that begins in Stygian night!

Truth will out no matter how concealed beneath a lie,
Or astute prevarication; boldly 'twill defy
The sleekest vulpine subterfuge, emerging bright, and clear,
And show its radiant colors shouting proudly: "I am Here!"
No lie, no subterfuge, can overwhelm me, and no dirt,
Or crookèd ways, can hide me, aye, not so much as to hurt
My bright invulnerable form that rises, like sweet scent,
'Mid stenchy subterranean caves, for I am Immanent!

Lift up thine eyes and lo! above thee, glorious, thou'lt behold,
The glorious dazzling Light, as bright as iridescent gold!
A radiant Light, synonymous with Truth, for there it gleams!
To all Eternity, emitting vast celestial beams!

OTHER POEMS

OTHER POEMS

JOAN OF ARC

Brave Joan of Arc, meek savior of proud France!
Full well her name, which, when upon the ears
Of France's soldiery resounded, fears
Were lost, and ostracised, may grace, enhance,
The chronicle of History. Th' advance
Of tireless time hath not yet dried the tears,
Of pure compassion; nay, in spite of years,
Still reverenced is that placid countenance,

The symbol true of patriotic zeal,
She stands, devoted to the noble cause
That moved her soul; the world, contrite, may feel
Th' injustice dealt to one who had no flaws,
She suffered none her life e'en to defend,
A blameless martyr to the very end!

TO AN AGED APPLE-TREE.

Oh, agèd, gnarled and massive tree,
With twisted arms outspread,
Standing lone and silently,
Breathing in the air so free,
Much should Mankind cherish thee,
Of feeling cold instead;
Bounteous gift from Nature's store,
Many the uses derived,
From thy speechless form adding more and more,
As the years mature thy limbs and core,
Blessings which man e'en in days of yore,
Has never been deprived.

So much art thou beloved and dear,
That e'en yon loving vine,
Entwines thee in its embrace queer,
And clasps and clings and presses near,
Thy bending form as if to hear,
Thy slightest word or sign.
To one fatigued, exhausted nigh,
With plodding 'neath the heat,
To lay him down with tranquil sigh,
Beneath thy limbs that sway on high,
Invokes within his heart a cry
Of gratitude complete.

Why stoopest thou, dear garnishment,
In posture so uncouth?
Is't purposely that thou art bent?
Designedly dost thou relent?
Is such thy real avowed intent?
Is really such the truth?
When Springtime comes begemmed and fair,
With blossom, bud and bloom,
How sweet thy blossoms scent the air,
With redolence bewitching and rare,
Wafting its incense everywhere,
Dispelling sorrow and gloom.

Many the hut and scanty board
Thy luscious fruit supplies,
Thou art the poor man's rich reward,
Who far, far from the city's horde
Wields grim Labor's tempered sword,
And struggles, strives and tries;
The warbling sparrow and the thrush,
The redstart and the wren,
Flit to and fro, and when at hush
Of midday, sweet their voices gush;
And 'thwart thy limbs the chipmunks rush,
That fear the haunts of men.

And when the cart with fragrant hay
Comes creaking down the road,
The field-hands working through the day
Stop their horses and delay
Their toil with apples to repay,
Atop the new-mown load.
To him who tramps the country o'er,
Bereft of food or means,
Refused and spurned at every door,
With what a zest doth he explore,
To spy thy form and luscious store
Gracing summer scenes!

OH, GLORIOUS SKY.

As much as I with fervor strive to grasp
  The vastness of the heavens, the boundless sky,
As much as I with feeling strive to clasp
  Its glory to my bosom, still I sigh
For drink as deep and fervent as I will,
  Inhale with all the rapture of my soul,
I cannot drink enough to drink my fill.
  Would that I could embrace thee, fathomless goal!

Oh, infinite arch! oh, bounteous dome! in thee,
  In all thine aspects manifold, I view,
Enwrapt, God's glorious ubiquity,
  Sweet beauties ever changing, ever new!

Stars, worlds may fade, vast suns may pale and wane,
But thou thy glory ever shalt retain!

THE BUTTERCUP AND THE VIOLET.

It was toward the close of a beautiful day,
  The land was bathed in a holy calm,
The birds were piping their evening lay,
  Their sad and querulous psalm,
Sweet Nature was garbed with the beauty of May,
  With her sweet and blossoming balm.

When softly there rose 'pon the sweet-scented air,
  A low, dulcet voice at the foot of an elm,
'Twas a violet speaking endearing and fair,
  Like a voice from God's heavenly realm.
Addressing a buttercup sweet debonair,
  In accents that fain would o'erwhelm.

"Dear buttercup, pray canst thou tell me why
  This elm and all trees that this planet grace,
Upstretch their long branches and twigs to the sky,
  To Heaven's cerulean face?
As if 'ploring and praying to God on high
  For a wee, unassuming place!

"Oh, why e'en in winter, when softly the snow
Bemantles the meadow, field, forest and hill,
Do they tirelessly hold up their twigs, as in woe,
Quiescent and speechless and still;
Yea, why do they thus bud and blossom and grow,
Oh, to know why I fairly thrill?

We garnish the earth and make fragrant the breeze,
And dot with our forms holms, valleys and medes,
And shine like bright stars in woodlands and leas,
Like lovely celestial beads,
But why so importunate pray the trees
As if claiming reward for past deeds?"

The buttercup lowered its face that shone
Like a drop of the purest gold, and eyed,
The sweet, guileless violet one and alone,
Almost hid in the grass by its side;
And tenderly raising its voice in a tone
Of sweetness softly replied:

"Sweet violet, dear to the sun, do the trees,
Upstretch their branches and twigs as in prayer,
For the sun gives them warmth, light in all degrees,
And when leafless denuded and bare,
Gently kisses their buds like soft zephyrs the seas,
Making blossoms to sweeten the air."

A deep, breathless silence reigned wrapt and lone,
The wide western sky was rosy and flushed,
And save for the crickets' continuous drone,
Nature with beauty was flushed.
When the elm-tree with kindliness forth in a tone,
Commingled with eagerness gushed.

"Indeed lovely flower we silently pray
To the sun for its life-giving warmth and its smile,
For its halcyon kisses in Spring's balmy day,
For its gifts without mockery or guile,
For its light and its cheer when the farmers make hay,
Uploading their carts pile by pile."

Oh ye who read this simple song
In moments of sorrow and misery and grief,
Like the elm-tree in silence be patient and strong,
And look up to God for relief.
And when conscience laments of having done wrong
Let repentance be lengthy, not brief.

As the flowers waft fragrance upon the sweet air,
Imparting mellifluous perfume around,
Even so, let thy goodness and character fare,
Let thy selfhood with virtues be crowned,
Imparting to others thy kindness, who bear
With fortitude cares that abound.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln! Emancipator of the slaves,
The Nation's pride, full well has earned the name,
That o'er the land hath rolled like mountain waves,
Accruing to him with a justful claim.
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

He loved and cherished deep all that was right,
And strove to render all their due, the wrong
He hated keen; employed an army's might
To free the suffering slaves, a numerous throng.
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

A heart that bled for all as his, and kind,
Benevolent and loving to the meek,
The poor, the hard-oppressed,—to firmly bind
In brotherhood, the Nation e'er did seek,
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

He drained the cup of hardship as a youth,
And struggled fierce to stem the whelming tide,
With firm resolve and heartfelt love for truth,
Emerged from Chaos, glory at his side.
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

Sagacious as a statesman and sincere,
A faithful worker fired with energy,
With gifted speech he thrilled the nation's ear,
His eloquence imbued with verity,
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

Whate'er he did was done with earnestness,
His heart was in the work, his every nerve,
Upon the land's prosperity laid stress
And strove through life the populace to serve.
Lincoln the Good!
Lincoln the Just!

MISERY.

Oh grief! oh sorrow! aggravation dire,
Tight firmly have ye clasped me to your breasts!
A world of sorrow 'pon my bosom rests,
My grieving heart burns with a quenchless fire,
Of misery. Frowns, curses, burning ire,
Derisive faces, sneers, ironic jests,
Such is my daily food, such are my guests,
Ah, strains much different from Amphion's lyre!
Oh, God, if 'twere not for the thought of Thee,
I long ago would have succumbed and died,
If 'twere not that in deep Adversity,
Thy beatitude was with me at my side,
Thy Glory like the Amaranth shall be,
Ne'er-dying, ever blooming bright, my Guide!

TO DANDELIONS.

Oh, Bright-faced gems, ye golden flowers,
Discarded all where'er ye grow,
Be it meadows, orchard, fields or bowers,
Or city lawns or valleys low,
I cherish ye—like drops of gold,
Your heads up to the sun ye hold.

E'en though ye flourish far and wide,
As do the daisies on the hills,
In vales and pastures side by side,
'Neath nodding trees, by brooks and rills,
Yet sweet it is, 'pon ye to gaze,
Bestudding fields where cattle graze.

'Tis true the Sea-pink, Partridge-vine,
The Painted-cup and Vervain blue,
Your common beauty far outshine,
As Trumpet weeds and Bluets do,
Yet proudly can ye grace the green,
Meek, unassuming and serene.

Your odor, too, I love. For more
Than any flower it brings to mind,
The new-mown hay when downward pour,
The sun's hot rays when farmers bind,
The hay in stacks,—beneath the heat,
Your fragrance 'pon the air is sweet.

The honey-bee and butterfly,
Alight upon your heads and kiss,
Your golden faces, insects hie,
And hide themselves, if aught amiss,
Amongst your numerous petals small,
Quite room enough to creep and crawl.

When all in white the Dog-wood tree
Enhances verdant vale and hill,
When blooms the wild Anemone,
Pipsissiwa and daffodil,
Ye still are flowering here and there,
In fields and lawns and everywhere.

Dear guileless flowers, it grieves me much,
A pure solicitude I feel,
To see ye fall 'neath the scythe's rude touch,
Unheard your voiceless mute appeal,
Submitting to the farmer's reap,
As on he comes with a swinging sweep.

Oft, oft I've watched the honey-bee,
Attracted by your saffron guise,
Sipping slow, industriously
Your honey,—it was no surprise,
In spite of all your commonness,
A subtle sweetness ye possess.

In book and speech they call ye weed,
A title fraught with cold disdain,
I'm sure ye suffer keen and bleed,
And feel the throes of lingering pain,
Despite your meek simplicity,
Dear cherished gems ye are to me.

AT SUNSET.

The noble, broad, benign and glowing sun,
Is slowly sinking 'mid a golden sea,
In lofty grandeur and deep majesty;
The heavens have been traversed, the day is done,
Oh, fiery orb, thy daily race is run,
And now with calm and grandiose panoply
Thou'rt disappearing, slow and silently,
As though compelled, though lothe, the world to shun.

I hailed thee in the morning with a heart,
That leaped for joy as from the sky a shower,
Of light, thou pour'dst upon the Earth. Depart
In peace, thou bright and blessed star; thine hour
Of rest is dearly earned. Bright Sphere, thou art
The glorious gem of heaven, its brilliant Flower!

IN MEMORY OF LEOPOLD II.

'Tis over, 'tis past, the crisis is o'er,
Small Belgium's king is no more,
He is gone to the realms of the countless departed,
A good, noble life is o'er.

Like a tall, stately oak, the king of the forest,
Smitten by lightning and thrown,
Like a bright black-eyed Susan, the staunchest of flowers,
By hand of the reaper mown.

E'en so was good Leopold wisest of rulers,
Ta'en from our circle of friends,
Gone like the mist 'pon the green-clad mountain,
Like dew that o'er verdure bends.

He strove with deep fervor, his work was in earnest,
He toiled with a heartfelt zeal,
To improve and uplift and strengthen his country,
To care for its welfare and weal.

Sagacious and thoughtful, impartial and candid,
Assiduous, loyal, sincere,
He essayed through his life to serve his subjects,
His schooner to deftly steer,

Through the shoals of contention, of war and of trouble,
Political feud, and broil,
And he worked to appease and enrich the nation,
Through faithful and earnest toil.

He wielded a power of god-like Achilles,
Enhorsed 'pon a steed of peace,
Like Bellerophon riding the steed of Appollo,
And strove Belgium's wealth to increase.

Oh, good, noble sovereign, Oh grieved for monarch,
Thy mission accomplished has been,
And the saying thy name can well follow in history,
He loved good, but hated sin.

AN EVENING IN MAY.

The sun is set and shadows wrap the land,
A flood of holy silence fills the air,
A breathless peace prevails and all things wear,
A look of calm repose the trees they stand,
Inert their fragrant blossoms faintly fanned,
By balmy breezes, still, as if in pray'r,
The placid stream glides by, soft zephyrs bear
And waft delicious fragrance; bright and grand
The evening star looks down and fondly peers
Into the smooth, quiescent, sleeping stream!
Oh, lovely evening, into heartfelt tears
Fain would I burst, so like a heavenly dream,
The tranquil sweetness which my soul reveres,
Glides o'er my spirit! peaceful all things seem!

SUNSET

It was a clear and splendid day,
The air was hushed with sweet repose,
And e'en the Sky-lark's warbling lay,
Was silent, still, no sound arose.

The limpid sky so pure and deep,
Was bathed in glory far and near,
A thousand dyes they seemed to creep,
Across the heavens blue and clear.

The brilliant sun had sunk to rest,
Amidst a sea of flaming gold,
The fleecy clouds that 'dorned the West,
Were steeped in fire grand to behold.

'Twas from a rock I gazed spell-bound,
Upon this wond'rous awful sight,
More awful that there was no sound,
No sound but stillness of the night.

Before me flowed a placid stream,
In gentle silence and repose,
Its rippling surface seemed to gleam,
With silvery light that skyward rose.

In stately posture stood the trees,
Their massive arms not once did sway,
A holy calm the earth did seize,
Announcing thus the close of day.

Within the water's crystal deep,
A dazzling mass of liquid gold,
A flaming flow of fire asleep,
Its tranquil depths they seemed to hold.

The splendor of the gorgeous west
Became subdued as eve drew nigh,
Then blissful Nature, beloved and blessed,
In slumber sank without a sigh.

Then faint at first the evening star
Shone forth from out the flawless sky,
And clearer, brighter, near yet far,
Burst forth its glitter from on high.

And like the stealthful creep of dawn,
The shades of eve did slowly fall,
Till Night o'er land and sea did yawn,
Cimmerian darkness over all.

EXISTENCE.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Fly the minutes, hours, and days,
Flying by uninterrupted,
The Future hidden, the Past in a haze;

First the dawn, and then the sunrise,
And a few short daylight hours,
Then the sunset, and the twilight,
And the day no more is ours.

Then the stars or peaceful moonlight,
And a few nocturnal hours,
Giving place to next day's dawning,
And the night no more is ours.

So it has been in bygone ages,
Long ago in days of the past,
So it shall be, as long as this planet,
Shall 'bout the sun revolve and last.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Fly the weeks, and months, and years,
Flying by unchecked, unheeded,
Watered by our sorrowing tears.

RESENTMENT.

Show me the man who doth mock at the aged,
Him I despise and contemn;
Show me the man who makes light of their frailty,
Him as a brute I condemn;
Show me the man, who feels not his bosom,
With pangs soft and tender dilate,
Who feels no solicitude, kindness, compassion;
Him I admonish—"Wait, wait."
Show me the man who goes by with indifference,
From feelings of kindness exempt,
Who has no compassion, gives no consolation,
Him I hold in contempt;
Show me the man who derides, jeers, and scoffs at;
Him I mortally hate,
But a time will arrive when remorseful repentance
Will wrankle—alas! too late.

WOULDST THOU BE BLESSED.

Wouldst thou be blessed,
And feel a gladdening calm without thy breast,
Wouldst thou invoke,
Respect and reverence from afflicted folk?
Then help and aid,
With heart sincere (and thou wilt feel repaid),

The poor and weak,
Whose dismal days are spent in suffering meek:
Aid the frail
And agèd, when no longer strong and hale,
The feeble ones
Afflicted, whom with grief misfortune stuns.
Whate'er it be,
Do all thou canst to palliate misery,
Alleviate
The pangs of those, allotted Gloom's dark fate.

JUL 3 1912

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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